

# The Academy and Literature

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## Literary Notes

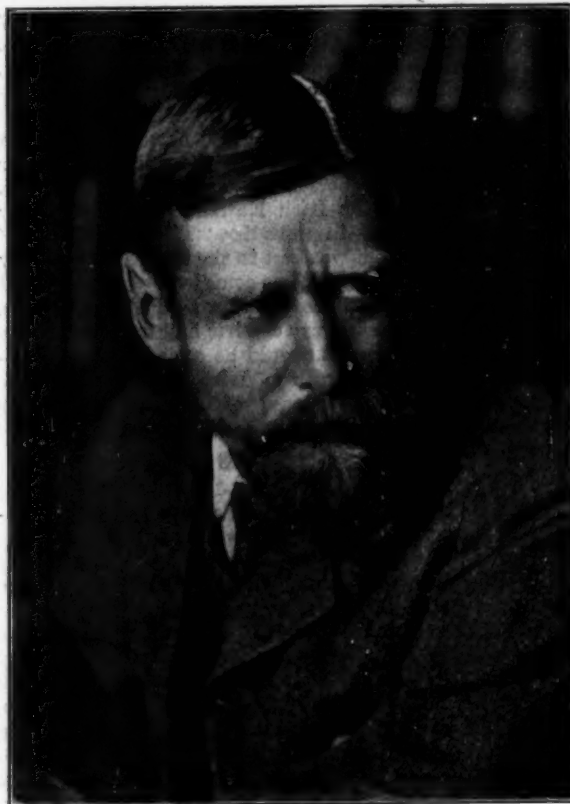
**T**HERE are, as usual, several good articles in "The Monthly Review," notably "Ancestor Worship in Japan," by Alfred Stead, an enthusiastic appreciation of "Frederick York Powell" by Theodore Andrea Cook, and a delightful paper on "Thackeray's Boyhood" by the late Reverend Whitwell Elwin. The life of Thackeray has never yet been well written, though the material is abundant, and this charming article shows how it could and should be done. But who is to do it? The work must be a labour of love and of sympathy, undertaken by a writer of acute insight and of very considerable literary gifts—in fact by such a man as was Whitwell Elwin, or—if he cared for the labour—by Mr. Barrie, who I fancy has in him not a little of Thackerayan humour and perspicacity. Thackeray's portrait has never yet been drawn full length, and those who have given us sketches of him—Trollope, Merivale, Whibley and others—were not able to see him whole.

No lover of the author of "Vanity Fair" should miss reading this article, and it may be hoped that there is more to come. Is not part of this paragraph new information:—"At the age of sixteen Thackeray had obtained some reputation with his schoolfellows by his humorous verses. 'I only remember,' writes Mr. Venables in his letter to Anthony Trollope, 'that they were good of their kind.' . . . His partiality for the kind was an abiding taste, and so easily did he produce them in later years that in conversation he would sometimes turn suddenly from prose to verse, and improvise his grotesque doggerel with unbroken fluency."

BUT is it correct to say that the desire of becoming a writer was never long out of Thackeray's mind? Surely in his early years his ambition was to become an artist; witness that famous visit to Dickens; was it not the need of money and the failure of his artistic ambitions that drove him to the pen as a means of livelihood? Have not the vast majority of men of letters written because the pen was the only instrument by use of which they could obtain money?

A PROPOS my note last week in which I commented upon "Esmond" and "Vanity Fair," a correspondent points out that the last named cannot rightly be described as a picture "of life contemporary with the life of the author." Thackeray, of course, cannot have remembered much of Waterloo year, but he was in close touch with the men and the events of that period, and

also I fancy Thackeray had in his eye the life and times of his early manhood and—simply pre-dated. There was not much difference between the England of—say 1810 and of 1830.



MR. STEPHEN GWYNN

[Photo. Booker & Sultzean, Chancery Lane]

MR. JOHN LANE will publish next week a volume entitled "A Later Pepys," being the correspondence of Sir William Weller Pepys, Bart., 1758-1825. Sir William was a distant relative of the great diarist, and a prominent member of the "Bas Bleu" society, which Macaulay said was far the best intellectually in the kingdom at that period. Dr. Johnson described him as

"Prime Minister to the Queen of the Blues" (Mrs. Montagu). Most of the letters were addressed to the writer's nephew, Mr. William Franks, thus passing from one ancestor to another of the late Sir Wollaston Franks, of whose lifelong work at the British Museum a brief memoir is given. Among the other correspondents were Hannah More, Mrs. Chapone, Sir James Macdonald, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, &c. These letters should prove interesting both from their own literary charm and the social picture they present. The book has been edited by Miss Alice C. C. Gaussen, and contains numerous illustrations, including portraits, book-plates, facsimiles and pictures of historic houses.

SOME recent performances of "The Shaughraun" at the Queen's Theatre in Dublin have enabled local playgoers to make an interesting comparison between the methods of the early Irish melodrama and those of the Irish National Theatre Society. It is unfortunate for Dion Boucicault's fame that the absurdity of his plots and pathos has gradually driven people of taste away from his plays, so that at the present time few are perhaps aware what good acting comedy some of his work contains. The characters of Conn the Shaughraun, and in a less degree those of Mrs. O'Kelly and Moya as they were played the other day by members of Mr. Kennedy Miller's company, had a breadth of naïve humour that is now rare on the stage. Mr. James O'Brien especially, in the part of Conn, put a genial richness into his voice that it would be useless to expect from the less guttural vocal capacity of French or English comedians, and in listening to him one felt how much the modern stage has lost in substituting impersonal wit for personal humour. It is fortunate for the Irish National Theatre Society that it has preserved—in plays like "The Pot of Broth"—a great deal of what was best in the traditional comedy of the Irish stage, and still has contrived by its care and taste to put an end to the reaction against the careless Irish humour of which every one has had too much. The effects of this reaction, it should be added, are still perceptible in Dublin, and the Irish National Theatre Society is sometimes accused of degrading Ireland's vision of herself by throwing a shadow of the typical stage Irishman upon her mirror.

THE Irish Texts Society promise a long talked of Irish-English Dictionary in a few weeks. It will be edited by the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, and is likely to be exceedingly useful to students of Irish, who hitherto have had no very satisfactory dictionary to work with. It is curious to note that some of the earliest Irish dictionaries were brought out in Paris, where an English-Irish dictionary was printed in 1732, and an Irish-English dictionary in 1768, which latter was published by Dr. John O'Bryan, titular bishop of Cloyne, "with a view," as he says in his preface, "not only to preserve for the natives of Ireland, but also to recommend to the notice of those in other countries, a language which is asserted by very learned foreigners to be the most ancient and best preserved dialect of the old Celtic tongue of the Gauls and Celtiberians." A naïvely expressed wish which, in one way or other, has been amply fulfilled in the work of modern scholars! More lately the dictionaries most used have been a large work by O'Reilly, which is not all that could be wished, and a useful volume published in 1849 by Thomas de Vere Coneys, then professor of Irish at Trinity College, Dublin. This work was better in several ways than anything that had preceded it, but it is characteristic of last-century Irish scholarship in T.C.D. that it was compiled "as a manual for

students of the Irish Bible," so that its vocabulary was more or less restricted to words found in Scripture. Great care has been taken to make the work now promised as complete as possible, so that there is little doubt it will be more successful than anything of the kind we have had till now. Father Dinneen is already well known to Gaelic readers as the author of a little play and some other original work, and as the editor of several volumes of poetry.

IN the O'Growney Memorial Volume, compiled by Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, M.A., the story is told of a remarkable priest and scholar, Eugene O'Growney, who did more probably than any one else to bring about the present movement in Ireland for the restoration of the Gaelic language. In thinking of him one is often reminded of another Irish enthusiast of fine character, Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance; and one cannot help wondering whether the work of the recent enthusiast will have a more lasting effect than that of the other, which is now little more than a memory.

MR. FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL is the author of a pamphlet dealing with various aspects of The Stage Irishman of Pseudo-Celtic Drama, asking—and riotously endeavouring to answer—such questions as "Is the Irish Literary Theatre Irish?" "Does it represent Irish tradition and legend?" and "Is it mainly a sort of Ibsen-cum-Maeterlinck-ism on Liffey?" Such a discussion should prove stimulating and if carried on without rancour and in a helpful spirit should also prove useful. A young literary movement is never the worse for adverse and candid criticism. It should never be forgotten that half the troubles of England in Ireland have arisen from ignorance of the Irish character, ignorance founded on the biased views of British and Irish historians and on the absurd caricatures which infest the majority of plays and novels dealing with Irish folk and affairs. Lever, Lover, Boucicault and "Punch" have achieved much in the way of making the Irish character a sealed book to Englishmen.

IN a striking article—to which I hope to return—in "The North American Review" on "The College of Journalism," by Joseph Pulitzer, there is a curious picture of the United States seventy years ago:

"There are men now living whose memories can bridge that gap of seventy years. In 1833 Andrew Jackson was President. The entire United States had less than the present population of the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and far less wealth than is concentrated to-day within half a mile of Trinity Church. There was not an American settlement west of the Missouri, and the few cabins were the only marks of civilisation on the site of Chicago. New York City was smaller than Detroit is now. Washington was a swamp in which coaches were mired down and abandoned on Pennsylvania Avenue, and cows grazed on the site of the British Embassy. A generation had passed since Jackson had resigned his seat in the Senate because it took him nearly six weeks to make the journey between Philadelphia, then the capital, and his home—a longer time than it has taken within the past year to girdle the globe—but there were yet Senators who found the trip to Washington not much shorter. Still there were steamboats on the navigable rivers, and stage-coaches drawn over rails by steam-engines had just begun to astonish the inhabitants of a few favoured localities. The horse was still the usual motor for high-speed traffic, and the ox or the mule the customary freight-engine. 'De Witt Clinton's ditch' across the State of New York was the commercial marvel of the age. The people of Virginia were strangers to the people of Pennsylvania, and the



journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburg was longer and vastly more arduous than the journey now from Boston to the City of Mexico. The farmer reaped his grain with a scythe and cradle, and threshed it with a flail or under the feet of horses. Whale-oil lamps glimmered feebly through the darkness of the city streets. Nails were made by hand on the blacksmith's forge. In the country a calico gown was a luxury, to be worn on state occasions. Colleges were few and puny. Harvard, the most ambitious of them all, was a high school in which a few professors taught Latin, Greek, moral philosophy, and a little mathematics, leading in most cases to a course in theology. There was not a single real university in America. There were no great libraries.

"In the best presses of that day, and for many years after, it was necessary to feed the paper by hand, one sheet at a time, print it on one side and then feed it again and print it on the other. All the presses then in existence would not have been able to print a single edition of a leading New York newspaper of our time, such as whirled between the cylinders of a Hoe machine from endless rolls of paper at the speed of the Niagara rapids. All the paper-mills then in the country could not have met the demands of such a journal for white paper. All the news-gathering agencies in the world would have hopelessly broken down in the attempt to provide even a fraction of its present daily supply of information. Had any one suggested then that children were already born who would be still living and reading when news would be flashed from Tokyo to New York by lightning and printed before it happened—who would see on the same page despatches of the same date from India, from Siberia, from Australia, from Corea, and from the sources of the Nile; that one of them in Boston could talk with his own voice to another in Omaha; that they would see newspapers printed on ships on the Atlantic containing news shot on invisible waves over a thousand miles of ocean, and that they could take breakfast in New York and dine in London a week later, he would have been treated as an eccentric 'visionary.'"

## Bibliographical

THE publication of Mr. G. R. Sims' "Among My Autographs" has led me to turn over the pages of a few albums into which a considerably fairer hand than mine has pinned or pasted a number of letters from distinguished people. It is, I suppose, usually women who form collections of this sort; men, usually, have neither the time nor (in most cases) the inclination. Still, the collections, once formed, are often very interesting. They recall old times; they recall idiosyncrasies. Though handwriting may not always or often reveal character, it certainly revives memories of personalities. Here is a neat little note from Frederick Locker; here, in a rounder and bolder hand, one from Mortimer Collins. On another page, in a still bolder and more flowing hand, is a missive from our present laureate. A little farther on is a letter from John Stuart Blackie, in which he says, "I sing everything"! Now we come across the remarkably close and crisp calligraphy of A. K. H. B.; now we light upon a letter in which Robert Buchanan acknowledges the authorship of the amusing "Session of the Poets" which he contributed to the pages of the "Spectator." (These decidedly clever verses will be found in a volume called "Comic Poets of the Nineteenth Century," still published, I believe, by Messrs. Routledge; I have not seen them reproduced elsewhere.)

If there is no particular "character" in handwriting, there is certainly a good deal of individuality. Compare the fluffy scrawl of Tom Taylor with the clear, easy penmanship of Robert Reece—the close, careful

style of Lord Neaves with the large legibility of Lord Rowton. One of the most characteristic of the letters in the collection before me is one by Thomas Ashe, some of whose verse well deserves to be remembered. Here is an epistle from another "half-forgotten" bard—William Barnes—very large, and yet not very clear, in manner. Here is one of Robert Browning's particularly neat little letters; here a little note from Dora Greenwell, a postcard from the author of "John Halifax." By no means easily mastered are the hieroglyphics of Lord Houghton. George Eliot is represented by a note in violet ink, signed "M. E. Lewes"; George Meredith by a letter in blue ink, marked by the old-fashioned formation of the "e." Side by side are letters from the two Morris—William and Lewis; and next to them comes one from Browning's "Waring"—Alfred Domett. Among the close, neat writers was Cardinal Newman, of whose "hand" an excellent specimen is here. Neat, too, was the "fist" of Sir Noel Paton, painter and poet. But it is time to shut up the album, even though letters by Coventry Patmore, and Miss Rossetti, and Dante Rossetti, and so forth, suggest further dallying.

Justice has hardly been done to the knowledge and enterprise of the late Henry Morley as the reproducer and editor of English classics. I find among the announcements of reprints the following—"The Autobiography of Lord Herbert of Chesham," Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesy," and the "Voyages and Travels" of Marco Polo. All of these were included by Morley in the "National Library" which he conducted for Messrs. Cassell; the first in 1887, the second in 1889, and the third in 1891. They were published at sixpence and at threepence. All of them are tolerably familiar to the reading public of to-day. There was a reprint of Lord Herbert's Autobiography in 1870, and another in 1880 (in the "World Library"). Then came the edition of 1886 with the notes and continuation by Mr. S. L. Lee; this was re-issued in 1892. Meanwhile, in 1888, there had been a reprint of the Autobiography, prefaced by Mr. W. H. Dircks, in the "Scott Library."

The reproduction of the "Defence of Poesy" is to be made by the Cambridge University Press, from which we have already had it in the shape of an edition supervised in 1891 by Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh. This was a modest volume, priced at three shillings only. The "Defence" was edited in 1810 by Lord Thurlow, who also sonnetised about it; and Professor Arber included it in 1868 in his series of reprints. The treatise, it will be remembered, was originally called "An Apology for Poetry," and it is often referred to under that title. It is not perhaps universally known that a "Defence of Poetry" was also begun, but not completed, by one P. B. Shelley.

"The Most Noble and Famous Travels of Marcus Paulus into the East Parts of the World" appeared in a translation by J. Frampton in 1579. The version used by Morley for the "National Library" was that of Pinkerton, which first came out in 1808. Messrs. Newnes, it seems, propose to reprint the version by W. Marsden which was published in 1818, and again, revised by T. Wright, in 1854. Sir Henry Yule's translation, which appeared originally in 1871, was revised for its second edition, which dates from 1875. Only the other day we had a reproduction of this version brought down to date by Henri Cordier. A translation of the "Travels," prepared especially for boys and girls, came over here from America in 1885, and in 1898 "The Story of Marco Polo" was published by Mr. Murray.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews

## The Perfect Way

ENGLISH MONASTIC LIFE. By Abbot Gasquet.  
(Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

WITH this volume Messrs. Methuen & Co. commence their new series, "The Antiquary's Books," under the general editorship of Dr. J. Charles Cox, a series to which they have given a handsome and dignified format, and which promises, in the titles of the works already announced, to be of unusual interest and permanent value.

Abbot Gasquet's position as historian is so eminent that allusion to it is only necessary in the same way that it is necessary when referring to a personage in a distinguished walk of life to give him his proper titles. He has resuscitated in England the great traditions of scholarship ever associated with the Benedictine Order.

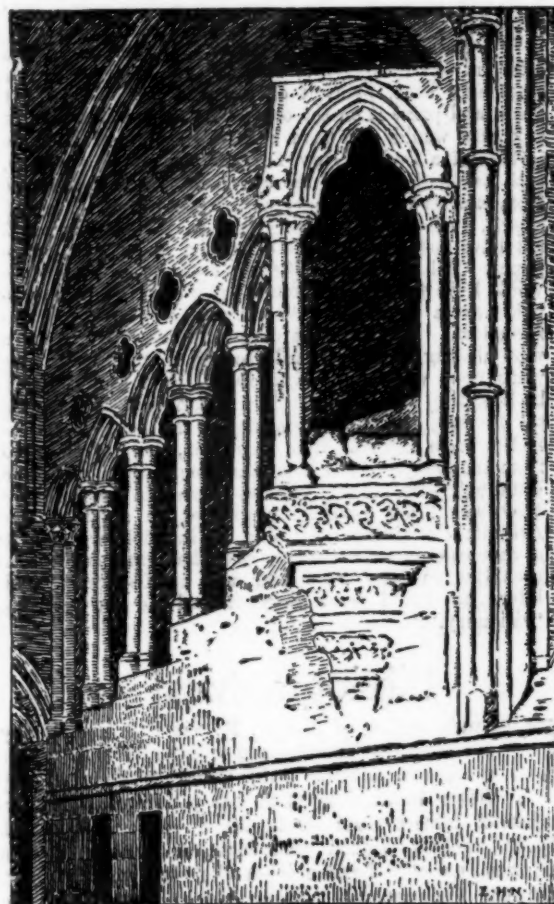
To the man in the street it may not occur, without a reminder, that to-day in England, at Downside, in Charnwood Forest, and innumerable other places, the life of the cloister is being lived with practically the same routine that characterised the life of the inmates in bygone times of Fountains or Glastonbury, Beaulieu or Lindisfarne; that the same round of humble daily tasks, of labour in the fields, of earnest study, of instruction of the young, of prayer and praise by night and by day, continues, that was a matter of common knowledge to our ancestors before the suppression.

But it is not with a detailing of the life led by these modern followers of St. Benedict and St. Bruno, St. Stephen Harding and St. Dominic, St. Francis and St. Clare, that Dr. Gasquet's pages occupy themselves. His narrative contains a reconstruction, from existing copies of the old *Customals* and *Consuetudinaries*, from ancient account books and memoirs of venerated religious, of the monastic life as it was led in England before the growth of modern civilisation rendered some customs obsolete, some inexpedient, some even perhaps reprehensible. But the astonishing thing is that with such greatly altered conditions of life the general tenour of a monk's existence in pre-suppression days and in our own should bear so many points of resemblance. It proves with what forethought and instinct for the best interests of a number of people living together in community the founders of the various monastic orders compiled their rule.

With those who at the mention of the name monk immediately conjure up a mental picture of gross over-indulgence at table, of drunken orgies by night and domineering rapacity by day, we have no concern. But there are the larger number of folk who, while conceiving of the monastic life as a fine ideal, are under the impression that its chief characteristics were a lack of personal cleanliness (considered as a merit), and an asceticism which prevented the members from performing the functions which a man of ordinary health and strength might naturally exercise on behalf of the community.

These may learn from the pages of Abbot Gasquet how mistaken is such a conception. The life of the cloister was as matter of fact a much healthier life than that of the majority of the people of England from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. The abbot, or prior, was in very deed the father of his little flock, and each member of the community was treated in such a way as to ensure his developing to their fullest extent such

natural gifts as he might possess. Regular attendance at the various offices was the rule, but to those engaged in any arduous household duties a certain indulgence was accorded. There was no pampering of the strong, but for the sick or the aged a properly equipped infirmary was provided.



REFECTORY PUL PIT, CHESTER

[Illustration from "English Monastic Life" (Methuen)]

To turn out of bed in the dark of a winter night for Matins, and remain during a lengthy office in a building generally unheated, was something of an ordeal; but all those who were not actively engaged in some part of the ceremonial could leave the choir between Matins and Lauds, and by a brisk walk in the cloister restore the circulation, whilst those who were feeble could resort to the fire in the common-room.

As to personal cleanliness the illustration on page 102 of the lavatory at Gloucester will show what kind of provision was made for that, and when there was frosty weather the servers had to prepare sufficient hot water for the regular washings. Once a week, too, there was a formal washing of the feet of the whole community, in commemoration of Christ's washing of the feet of the Apostles, and to be caught unwashed at such a time might have brought a blush to the cheek of the most callously dirty brother. Towels, too, had to be changed twice a week.



As to food, of course it was simple, a good deal of pulse being provided. But on high days and holidays there was a welcome variation of the fare, and an extra glass of wine was generally served out. It must be remembered that wine and beer were the staple drinks in those days, before the advent of tea and coffee, and the "grateful and comforting" cocoa. For the old and the sick special diet was prepared.

The life was very much more a cloister life than is generally imagined. The Carthusians of course occupied their own little houses around the garth, and only met in chapter or in choir, taking even their meals alone. But most religious spent a large part of their working day in the cloister itself, and the common idea of the monk incarcerated is misleading. To the cloister the novice-master brought his novices to give them instruction; to the cloister the scrivener brought his vellum, his inks and his colours; to the cloister the student brought the tome or scroll from the scriptorium or library—there was an officer to see that it was duly returned to its place; in the cloister those whose duty it was taught the youth of the neighbouring nobility and gentry—and in some famous instances, peasantry; the cloister was in fact the great common-room (although another place more ordinarily bore the name) of every great religious establishment.

Of the duties of the precentor and the succentor, the sacrist and the revestiarus, the cellarer and the refectorian, the kitchener and the infirmarian, the almoner and the guest-master, are they not all written in the book of the Abbot Gasquet? Yes, and with much more beside. The distinctive features of the rules of the different orders, the maps, the plans of representative religious houses, the reproductions of old illuminations, the list of religious houses at the time of the suppression, the plates showing the habits of the various orders, all combine to render this an exceptionally illuminating book, a book of reference with which it will be almost impossible for the student of antiquities to dispense.

F. CHAPMAN.

### Whistler—Wasp, Butterfly, Enigma

"WHISTLER AS I KNEW HIM." By Mortimer Menpes. (Black. 40s. net.)

ACROSS the dainty pages of this handsome book skips and smirks and laughs the fantastic little figure of one of the greatest artists that the English blood has brought forth to live for ever amongst the masters of the world's artistic achievement; and what a petty conceited popinjay in many ways was the husk wherein dwelt the splendid soul of James McNeill Whistler! All that was great in Whistler, as we here see him, he spent in the agony and effort and passionate service of creation in an art which has influenced the whole civilised world. The rest of his day—of his life—is here displayed as a fantastic farce, spent upon dressing-up and setting before his fellows a dandified, quarrelsome little figure that lived in a whirl of acid witticisms, rude schoolboy repartee, girlish spites, sour personalities, aggressive conceit, and bitter, if clean-hearted, mirth. He tries to play a part disguised as Butterfly—the gorgeous wings but thinly veil the venomous body of Wasp. Yet, if we are to judge Whistler by his own confessions, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," he was just very much this spiteful, witty, quarrelsome, whimsical coxcomb. Indeed, Whistler was a strange mixture of great and little. He did, as he does in these pages, strut through

the days of his life, a man who, with supreme gifts, could stoop from the heavy labour and the sublime suffering and the passionate pursuit of a wondrous artistry to spend precious hours of his day in attacking critics and friends for stupidities and impertinences and unmeant slights—he would cudgel his keen brain for hours to belabour the Royal Academy for its neglect of him, whilst childishly sneering that he did not desire its favours. Look at this bundle of paradoxes! We see here a genius whose colour more nearly approached the great art of music than that of any man who has ever painted, utterly indifferent to music—except of the vulgarest. We see a man so strangely limited in his perception even of his own great art that the superb masterpieces of Turner and Reynolds and Gainsborough are beyond his ken. We see him patronising Rembrandt. We see him not only ignorant of literature, but so colossally ignorant of the art of literature and of its affinity to all the other arts, that he uses as a sneer in disparaging Turner's work the phrase that it is "literary." We hear him confess that he would not swagger as a dapper little swash-buckler, striking insults with his cane, and calling men out to fight duels with him if he had thought they would come out. We see so mean a tyrant in this man that he vows he would compel any man who desired his friendship to cleanse his visiting list of every soul of whom he does not approve—and he is of so mean a mind that he would prefer the friendship of such a cur to the friendship of a man. We see him in the country and by the sea, wearing dancing shoes to climb rocks or walk abroad—we see him in town posing and strutting before the looking-glass at the tailor's and the hairdresser's. One listens to his ill humours, his conceits, his bad manners, until—suddenly—one remembers that there must have been a side to Whistler that he hid from the world, something larger and deeper and richer than the ha-ha-ing spitfire he has written himself down in those terrible pages of self-revelation, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." One turns over the exquisite pages of this book whereon are pictured the examples of his beautiful handiwork, and one is compelled to realise that there was concealed a giant of splendid shape within the cramped habit of the little poses of this fragile body—a large-souled, silent, modest, deep-hearted man it must have been that dwelt therein, hidden from all but a few; hidden perhaps from his dandified self—a man that was only wholly himself when he stood before his work; it was then that he flung off all pettiness and stood to his full height. Mr. Mortimer Menpes is to be congratulated on the courage with which he has set down the pen-picture of Whistler as he knew him; on the beauty of his reproductions of Whistler's work; on the suppression of himself, and on his freedom from all resentfulness and malignity against his old master. His descriptions of Whistler's methods of work are most valuable; and would have been more so if he had been as clear in his statement, say, of how Whistler painted, as he is in describing the man. I am glad to find that he pays a tribute to Mr. Ernest Brown, the art-dealer, to whom many an artist besides Whistler and Phil May owed much help, and to the Dowdeswells for their handsome treatment of the great artist. It is a thousand pities that he lost Whistler's friendship before his marriage, for it leaves his after-years a sad blank. No one who loves the art of Whistler should be without this handsome book; it contains works of art of exquisite beauty; it contains a delightful picture of the outer Whistler that the man himself wished to be mistaken for the real thing—half butterfly, half wasp, wholly laughing enigma.

HALDANE MACFALL.

THE DOUBLE GARDEN. By Maurice Maeterlinck: translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. (Allen. 5s. net).

A NEW volume from Maeterlinck's pen is certain to charm, and "The Double Garden" is no exception to this generally accepted rule. Maeterlinck not only charms the few but the many. His is not the elusive fancy or obscure thought that only the select may catch and imprison, and that leaves the rest of the world cold. No, all the world may read and does read Maeterlinck with enjoyment. Since the publication of "The Life of the Bee," which created a large popular demand, M. Maeterlinck has written a little sheaf of essays full of delicate fancy and poetical thought—which, having first appeared in various periodicals, he collected together under the title of "The Double Garden." First, as to the translation. Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos has done his work admirably with a Maeterlinck-like touch that almost persuades one to forget that it is a translation. It is not the tongue of the English essayist, it has a curiously foreign flavour, but it is effective where a colder, more precise English would fail. For Maeterlinck is so un-English in his thought, he breathes the passion of a warmer clime, a bright gaiety and sunny languor untouched by the cold air and chilly fog of prosaic existence. One can read his "News of Spring" and be transported by imagination to the shores of the Mediterranean. One can watch with Maeterlinck the making ready of Spring to visit the North. "It waits, it dallies, it tries its strength before resuming the harsh and cruel way which the hypocrite Winter seems to yield to it. . . . It pushes aside the branches, fondles with its breath the olive-tree that quivers with a silver smile, polishes the glossy grass, rouses the corollas that were not asleep, recalls the bees that were working without ceasing; and then seeing, like God, that all is well in the spotless Eden, it rests for a moment on the ledge of a terrace which the orange-tree crowns with regular flowers and with fruits of light and, before leaving, casts a last look over its labour of joy and entrusts it to the sun." It is this warmth of imagery, this abundant colour, that makes Maeterlinck so attractive. He casts a warm glow over all; unsuspected romance and sentiment are discovered to us. One need not shrink from his essay on the Motor-Car as something likely to bring one abruptly back to the cold, bare facts. Not at all, for the motor-car of M. Maeterlinck is not the dusty, noisy, unattractive machine that makes hideous our country lanes: it is a wonderful monster, instinct with life. It is a "miraculous horse" animated by a soul and breathing a fiery breath. "I touch the magical handles. The fairy horse obeys. It stops abruptly. One short moan, and its life has all ebbed away." This conception of a motor-car should make their way even more difficult to motorists; they will now not only have to learn the anatomy of the monster, but will have to humour its wayward fancies, for fairy horses must be managed by fairy laws. "The Double Garden" would have delighted Robert Louis Stevenson, for there is a curious likeness between Maeterlinck and Stevenson. Had Stevenson not been British it is very likely that he would have been a Maeterlinck. Is not the difference between their essays the difference of a country that begins the day with a bowlful of smoking hot porridge and a nation that dallies lightly with rolls and coffee? Maeterlinck's words have the warm colour that Stevenson's lacked. A peculiarly gentle tenderness is noticeable in his "On the Death of a little Dog." Pelléas was a small bulldog, who was busy exploring the

universe when death overtook him. "Man, aided by all the knowledge of his elders and his brothers, takes thirty or forty years to outline that conception, but the humble dog has to unravel it for himself in a few days." All lovers of dogs will thank M. Maeterlinck for this charming paper. Perhaps the dog does not perplex his head with the problems of existence, and it is quite certain that all dogs are not so attractive as Pelléas, but the author touches the dog and the reader with the magic breath of his imagination, and we read and enjoy. It has been said that these papers have no very real sentiment, that their morality is vague. Can poetic fancy be measured by the rule of three; shall we not therefor be thankful? F. T. S.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF H. TAINÉ, 1853-1870. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE are apt in England to regard M. Taine as the author of one book—"The History of English Literature," and to ignore all the rest of his work. The "English Literature" occupied him for seven years, and we have no wish to detract from its excellence or interest. But Taine cared for philosophy more than he cared for literature, and it was as a philosopher that he hoped to be remembered. He considered "L'Intelligence," the first edition of which appeared in 1870, as the centre of his whole work. He was occupied with it as a matter of fact during the whole of his life, up to 1870 with its preparation, afterwards with modifications of it in the new editions. "The book will have one hundred readers in France," he said, "and perhaps as many again in the rest of Europe." But the work has had thousands of readers, and Taine may be regarded with Renan as one of the intellectual directors of the generations formed between 1860 and 1890.

The letters in this volume give an interesting picture of the progress of Taine's mind during the years 1853-70, and cover the period of publication of both the "English Literature" and "L'Intelligence." They are addressed chiefly to his mother and sister, to Edouard de Suckau, Guillaume Guizot and Cornélis de Witt. Sainte-Beuve and Renan are also among his correspondents. Writing to his mother from London on his first visit to England in 1860, he says, "This great London wearies and saddens me. . . . Everything here is too large, too black, too much heaped up; everywhere the traces of work and effort are apparent." He met Jowett and Stanley and describes them as "very advanced historians and critics—almost German." He earnestly confutes the prevailing idea in France that English people are stiff and disagreeable. He declares he found among them "men as affable and as communicative as Frenchmen. . . . I do not find them duller than the French, and I should say they are as civil."

Midway in the volume are some interesting notes on the people he met in society in Paris. At M. Mohl's he met Mignet and Loménie, he lunched with Pierre Leroux, the philosopher, who had been a common labourer, who went to England with a hundred and fifty francs in his pockets to found a newspaper, who had been a Carbonaro, and who did not educate his four children on principle, because "man is not born to enjoy, but to struggle." Flaubert visited him, and told him, among other interesting things, that "Madame Bovary," after all expenses were paid, left him with a debt of three hundred francs. Flaubert owned to a great admiration for the two writers La Bruyère and Montesquieu, and said he would give every word he ever wrote



to have been the author of "L'Amateur de Fleurs." Delacroix, the painter, confessed to Taine that he took his subjects out of Shakespeare because Racine did not provide him with any action. Renan Taine saw frequently, and characterises him as a passionate, nervous man, beset by his own ideas. "Roughly speaking, he is a poetical Kant with no formula, exactly like Carlyle; I read him parts of the 'Sartor Resartus,' which he thought admirable." Much to the amusement of Berthelot, Taine ended by defining Renan to his face as "A sceptic, who, where his scepticism makes a hole, stops up the hole with his mysticism."

In some personal notes written in 1862 Taine criticises himself: "My manner of writing must be contrary to nature, since it is so laborious. Several people, friends, have told me that it is strained, wearisome and difficult to read. Assolant said: 'It is like strong concentrated coffee, quite bitter.'" Much of his philosophy of life and of his estimate of his own work comes out in the letters. "No one ever is quite happy; but, whilst we have to bear no heart-sorrows, money troubles, or dishonour, life is still endurable"—he wrote in 1852; and that seems to have been the keynote of his personal philosophy. Here is a suggestive thought of a more general kind: "The artist has no object but to produce that which is beautiful, the scientist that which is true. To change them into preachers is to destroy them; art and science disappear as soon as they are turned into instruments of education and government." He enlarges on the theme, and comes to the conclusion that it is better for philosophers not to pose as intellectual policemen. The volume is full of good things of this kind and should find a large and appreciative circle of readers. Mrs. Devonshire's translation strikes us as of peculiar excellence. We were well acquainted with the letters in the original before coming to the English version, and we cannot find that anything has been lost in transference from one tongue to another.

THE PRAISE OF SHAKESPEARE. Compiled by C. G. Hughes. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

WE must candidly confess that we can discover no particular reason why this compilation should have been made. The learned need no reminder that Shakespeare's greatness was fully recognised in his own day and in the succeeding years, the unlearned must take this fact for granted, and the Baconians are beyond even the argument of facts. Dr. Ingleby, Dr. Furnivall and Miss Toulmin Smith have in the "Centurie of Prayse" completely covered seventeenth-century Shakespeare criticism, and for the rest—well, on the whole, the rest might well be silence.

There are very few writers of the last two centuries who have said that in praise of Shakespeare which will bear reprinting, which is fully proved by the dreariness of the pages which Mr. Hughes has devoted to modern critics. Perhaps the happy day will arrive—may it be in our time—when we shall be allowed to read our Shakespeare without his being introduced by a modern flourish of brass instruments, without analytical and critical notes, and without an obscuring cloud of conjectures and emendations; just a note here and again to explain the meaning of an obsolete word or usage.

After all the play's the thing with Shakespeare as it is with all great dramatists. Let us give ourselves up to the swinging march of the dramatic action, let us exult and shout, let us be depressed and grieve, let us laugh, let us weep at the bidding of the magician; let us read in rapt attention from scene to scene, drinking in unconsciously the splendours of poetry and prose, un-

interrupted by the thin pipings of finicking critics and commentators. Let not Shakespeare's plays be turned into a heap of dusty ruins for dusty antiquaries to grub among. And if we want to know more of Shakespeare than the plays tell us, let us learn the facts of and studiously ignore the theories concerning his life and read as much as we may of town and country life in the days of Elizabeth. And do not let us set up the poor man on a lonesome pedestal—neither a god nor a man—let us remember that he was no lonely star but one of a constellation, the brightest, the biggest. And for his praise? Is it not sufficient that after three hundred years he is alive? That his writings are read and studied the world over, and that his plays still hold the boards?

Yes, as we said, we find no reason why this book should have been made; a cheap reprint of the "Centurie of Prayse" would be welcome, but the cream off—if it be cream—three centuries of praise is tiresome.

## Fiction

FORT AMITY. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Murray, 6s.) Mr. Quiller-Couch's romance, like his hero, suffers from confused aims. At first glance it appears a story of adventure, careful reading reveals it as a psychological study, and leaves us wondering whether beneath this, in turn, may not lie an arraignment of "Militarism's sham and ugly heart." We first meet John o' Cleve as ensign of the 46th, marching with the British on Quebec. In his first fight he is wounded and captured. Thenceforward we follow his outer adventures among French and Indians and his inner adventures among doubts and divided. The author is endlessly patient with his hero, but to the reader John seems to lose grip of himself and his soldiery with surprising facility. It should be made clear how far he is affected by the blow on the head and how far he is temperamentally ineffectual. In any case he is a negative personage for a hero of romance, little concerned with cause or country. In the end the heroine has fairly to take possession of him to bring about the conventional happy ending. The virile and confident touch of the writer of "The Splendid Spur" is better fitted to depict the loyalty of the defender of Fort Amity or Dominique Guyon, in his fanatical devotion, than to render convincing the subtleties of this John o' Dreams. "Fort Amity" has many vivid episodes and fine character sketches, but the central figure remains shadowy and inconsequent, reaching neither the triumph of fulfilment nor the pathos of frustration.

NYRIA. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) If it were not for the note from the publisher enclosed with this volume, one would suppose the preface to Mrs. Campbell Praed's book ranked with those which Mr. Rider Haggard used with such success as introductions to "She" and others of his novels. Mr. Unwin's letter, however, seems to claim that Mrs. Praed's story is founded, not on any imaginary document found in romantic circumstances, but on the revelations of a spirit through the medium of some girl, whose personality is not very clearly indicated, and the author requests that her book should be judged from this standpoint. That being so, we can only say, that considering the fact of the picture being drawn from the words of the spirit slave Nyria, whose material existence dates back to the reign of Domitian, there is a curious air of modernity about it. The story is interesting. Nyria, the slave herself, whose character the author claims to have drawn from the girl's own words, was a spiritualised mortal, even when in the flesh, according to her biographer. Her picture of the cowardly, quarrelsome, crowd of Christian martyrs, gorging and drinking on the eve of death, crying for mercy and grovelling before their persecutors, does not agree with the description of even pagan historians. The idea of a band of Christian women being driven by fear of death to publicly tear a man to pieces in the arena does not appeal to the ordinary imagination.

**THE STEPS OF HONOUR.** By Basil King. (Harper, 6s.) "*A tout péché—miséricorde*" is the text of this fine sermon, which fashions itself into a story of life in the Harvard group at Cambridge, Massachusetts. We have the scholarly culture, the social pride of those classified by Dr. Holmes as "Brahmins." In this circle Anthony Muir, the brilliant young Scotsman, author of "Society and Conscience," though son of an Edinburgh professor, is felt to have a vague background compared with Paul Dunster, "who had an ancestress burned for witchcraft at Salem and another hanged on Boston Common for preaching Quakerism." Both love Agatha Royal, a very incarnation of the stately pride and lofty traditions of old Cambridge. The story opens with the announcement of her engagement to Anthony Muir; but the love story is of less interest than the question of honour involved in the relation of the two men. Dunster alone knows that the book on social philosophy which has brought to Muir sudden fame is little more than a modern version of an obscure book of nearly a century earlier by Christopher Lore. A fine point in casuistry is suggested as to Dunster's right to expose the duplicity of his rival, whose downfall would mean Agatha's disillusioning. Muir's confession is his first step in honour, and this crisis is the touchstone of character to all involved. The individualisation is admirable, from the cynical old Professor Wollaston, with his sentimental wife, to the implacable Agatha, impulsive womanly Persis, and the *deus ex machina*, Johnny Charterhouse.

**COURT CARDS.** By Austin Clare. (Unwin, 6s.) "Court Cards" is so careful a piece of work that the reader regrets its failure to be more than careful, its lack of the final touch which should give conviction and vitality to the whole. Archie Armstrong, the jester of James I., is an out-of-the-way hero, and his character is the best study in the book. The starving outcast lad on the Scottish moors is a roughly pathetic figure, and his dog-like devotion to Kinmont Willie, the redoubtable Border raider, is well suggested, though the narrative of Willie's escape from Carlisle Castle does not succeed in recapturing the heart-beat of the famous old ballad. Gentle King Jamie, out, like one of his ancestors, in disguise, saves the lad's life and appoints him as his fool. Archie's jests are not specially keen, but here history is to blame as much as Mr. Austin Clare, for some of the jokes are authentic. On the whole, Archie is fairly convincing, except when he poses as a lover; his romance with the lovely and mysterious Sybella fails to enlist our sympathies, so that we are little interested in the final, sufficiently hackneyed explanation of her capricious personality. Surely, the device of the double might be suffered to enjoy a well-earned repose. The Gowrie conspiracy affords the tragic shadow in the picture; but it must be confessed that though Mr. Clare has drawn on stirring Border ballads and dark historic conspiracies, he has failed to stir our pulses much. Painstaking, conscientious, "Court Cards" is nevertheless—or therefore—extremely slow reading.

**CRAINQUEBILLE, PUTOIS, RIQUET ET PLUSIEURS AUTRES RÉCITS PROFITABLES.** Par Anatole France. (Calmann-Lévy, 3f.50.) In the seventeen short sketches contained in this volume, of which the first is the most important, Anatole France is as delightful as ever. Whether he is describing the woes of a costermonger, or the embodiment of a gardener who never had any real existence, or the reflections of a dog on men, he is inimitable for matter, style, and light irony that is always good-natured. Crainquebille was dramatised and Guity played admirably the part of the costermonger who is sent to prison for a fortnight because a policeman declared he had insulted him. As a matter of fact, when told to move on by the guardian of the law, he had found it impossible to stir, his barrow being jammed in among the other vehicles. Still his guilt is proved to the magistrate's satisfaction, and on his release his former customers refuse to have anything to say to him. He becomes more and more wretched and hungry, and determines to insult a policeman

actually, in order to obtain the shelter of a prison. But this policeman does not consider it a matter for arrest, and so poor "Crainquebille, la tête basse et les bras ballants, s'enfonça sous la pluie dans l'ombre."

## Short Notices

**WAYSIDE AND WOODLAND TREES: A POCKET GUIDE TO THE BRITISH SYLVA.** By Edward Step. (Warne, 6s.) Some years ago Mr. Step placed all nature lovers under lasting obligation by the publication of his "*Wayside and Woodland Blossoms: a Pocket Guide to the British Wild Flowers*," in two volumes, and with the present work he is continuing his valuable aids to the easy acquirement by town dwellers of a practical knowledge of the more ordinary flora of the countryside. Every one who has taken a country walk in the company of a countryman must have remarked with envy the ease with which his companion distinguished between one tree and another, even at a considerable distance. This volume is planned to help the inexperienced to acquire something of the same facility. It is valuable so far as the text goes; for there will be found concise scientific descriptions of the origin, habitat, and associations of all indigenous British trees, and of a great many that have been so far acclimatised as to be regarded as almost indigenous by the majority of present-day Englishmen. But it is with his illustrations that Mr. Step has made his book indispensable. He has conceived the happy idea of photographing from the same standpoint the same tree—for every species he describes—in its summer glory of foliage, and in its winter tracery of bare boughs. In many instances he adds a photograph of the bole of the tree on a larger scale, and in almost every instance a pen-and-ink drawing of the leaf, flower, and fruit. This is one of the books for which one does not anticipate the need of revision during the present generation, and which one cannot think of as likely to be superseded.

**HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES.** Vols. V. and VI. (MacLehose, 12s.) The recent issue of the fifth and sixth volumes of Messrs. MacLehose's admirable reprint brings these quaint and heroic records of the old world to the times of Queen Elizabeth. The Englishman shared with the Jew and the Dutchman the lust of gain; but the irresistible desire to explore the unknown for its own sake was his peculiar inspiration. The combination was invincible. For seldom did the adventurer attempt new countries or strange havens unless he was backed by a letter from his Sovereign, couched in terms extremely definite; and more seldom still, with such credentials, did he fail to attain his end. He brought a shrewd wit, a strong hand, and an indomitable spirit to the business; and, if the city merchants coined gold out of the incredible toils of his Traffiques and Discoveries, the adventurer had the glory. And we inherit both. It is no mean heritage. To-day we call it Empire: and some of us are frightened at it. But the men of Hakluyt feared nothing; they dared uncharted seas and beat the Spanish Armada with an equal mind. In the early years of the Queen's reign Mr. Anthony Jenkinson and his valiant comrades traversed Russia, dined with the Sacred Emperor off gold plate, and negotiated a treaty in the interests of trade. More—they forced His Imperial Majesty to keep its terms. Such were the founders of the great edifice of English commerce with Russia. And, meanwhile, the merchant-adventurers were sailing to the Levant (where John Foxe, gunner, by force and stratagem broke the prison of Alexandria, and released two hundred and sixty-six Christians); to the East Indies—this was before the days of the Company; to Persia and China and Japan and the Islands—to the Guinea Coast—to Babylon. In a word, the whole marvellous story of the commercial conquest of the old world by English adventure has been sought out and set in order—rather loose order, but no matter—by Richard Hakluyt, preacher. That which was dearly gained by many common men of wit and pluck and cupidity lies in danger of being wrested from us to-day. But, whether the trade goes or stays, waxes or diminishes,



Hakluyt's monument remains, imperishable like the Odyssey. In this sense (if in no other) the best that we know of the past is that "it's done and dead." We have paid the blood-price of admiralty; and, whatever betide, we have bought the noble records of the Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries for an inalienable possession.

**EN LISANT NIETZSCHE.** Par Emile Faguet. Société française d'imprimerie et de librairie.) Philosophy in German, be it said in all humility, is often difficult to understand, but philosophy in French, even when German is its basis, is often a delight and a joy, especially to the non-expert. The present writer has gained the slight knowledge of the subject he possesses entirely through French authors and expositors—chiefly read in the volumes of that excellent series, the "Bibliothèque de Philosophie contemporaine"—and he strongly recommends any one desiring to acquire such knowledge to adopt a similar mode of procedure. M. Faguet gives a capital *aperçu* of the Nietzschean philosophy, and carefully weighs its worth and its worthlessness. Dubbing him "the Don Juan of thought," and the adventurer of the mind," and disallowing him talent, M. Faguet still finds that Nietzsche has his uses. There must be sophists just as some believer in orthodoxy once declared there must be heresies. They serve to wake people out of their languor and to put movement and energy into intellectual life. A man of the highest intelligence and served by an admirable imagination, Nietzsche believed that it was a man's duty to make for himself personal ideas because personal ideas alone have the consistency necessary to support us, for there is little reliance to be placed anywhere except on ourselves. Here Nietzsche is right, and in that direction his teaching and even his example are good, and we may gain profit by reading him. One of M. Faguet's chapters is entitled "Idées littéraires de Nietzsche." He finds that Nietzsche's literary and artistic ideas do not always cohere, and that he has made neither a system nor a general theory. But they are often very original and tend towards the establishment of an art that shall be at once sane, virile, strong and noble. They raise the mind and soul towards the vision of an art made by a superior species, and in their way express the leading idea of Nietzsche's doctrine, "L'homme est un être qui est fait pour se surmonter." If, then, we wish to gain quickly and easily some idea of Nietzsche's teaching and aim, M. Faguet's book is all we need.

**THE DARK AGES.** By W. P. Ker. (Blackwood, 5s. net.) We do not think Professor Ker has attained his object. Perhaps it is the magnitude of the difficulty he has to encounter which is the cause of failure, but no one knows that difficulty better than Professor Ker, and no one better understands that in a volume of three hundred and fifty pages it is almost impossible to give even an adequate outline of so complicated a subject as the Dark Ages of European Literature. It was the period of the decline or, rather, the loss of classical literature, classical methods and classical thought. It was before the period of the uprise of a Teutonic or Celtic literature as distinct from the records of ancient tradition. The clash of these diverse elements is evident in the minds of the few men who in the period dealt with by Professor Ker appeared to delight in literature as such, but there is no very clear indication of settled method. Perhaps the greatest example is Bede. His monkish Latin does not lend itself to his task, but his task occasionally overcomes his limitation of language and method, and we have glimpses of what Bede might have been if he had written "after the English fashion," even as he has recorded customs and events "after the English fashion." But except Bede's works in England there is little else, for the English chronicle English in form and language is not literature. Professor Ker puts the case very clearly as far as he goes, and there is not much fault to find with his conclusions. He holds that but for the literary influence we should have had preserved very little of ancient tradition and mythology, but there is the other side to this question. Did not literature kill or strangle very much of ancient tradition and mythology? Tradition, to remain faithful to its methods and object, must be left alone. If taken up by literature on the one hand, and persecuted by

those who look upon it as the hated emblem of a hostile faith on the other hand, tradition has not much chance of life. In literature it gets changed and twisted from its own form; in tradition it gets stunted and worn down as its opponents win, one after the other, fresh points against it, and thus the final influence becomes the literary influence, untrue to the original and of doubtful value as literature. Professor Ker has produced on these lines a readable book, even if it is not all that one could wish. It is not only readable, it is suggestive and full of information. If studied with caution, with the idea, in fact, that there are other ways of looking at the subject, we can well believe that it will do all the good that is intended.

### Reprints and New Editions

Another volume in the well-known Mermaid series—**THE PLAYS OF GEORGE CHAPMAN** (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net leather, 2s. 6d. net cloth). This series begins to make a goodly show upon my shelves. The latest addition is edited with an introduction and notes by Mr. W. L. Phelps, Instructor in English Literature at Yale College. The plays are, I think wisely, modernised in spelling, so that they are now in every sense readable. The text has been taken from the literal reprint of Chapman's plays published by John Pearson in 1873. Chapman lived in a memorable period, a period that saw plays from the pen of Shakespeare, Beaumont, Middleton, and Fletcher. Such shining lights may well make pale lesser luminaries such as Chapman. He is, of course, principally known for his translation of Homer—a notable Elizabethan gift to literature. Mr. Phelps has selected from much material "All Fools" as Chapman's best comedy, while "Bussy d'Ambois" he considers his most characteristic play. "Eastward Ho," the joint production of three brains—Marston, Ben Jonson, and Chapman—is not included in the volume. Many admirers of the dramatist will doubtless regret that Mr. Phelps has not seen fit to include "The Gentleman Usher." Mr. Phelps considers, however, that "it lacks almost every qualification of a good play. In construction it is slipshod and slovenly; the plot is worthless; and the improbabilities do not seem to be presented with any attempt at verisimilitude." Messrs. Newnes send me a new edition of Defoe's **JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEAR**, tastefully bound and admirably printed (Thin Pocket Classics, leather 2s. 6d. net). Next to "Robinson Crusoe" and "Moll Flanders" this was certainly Defoe's masterpiece in realism; perhaps some people would place it first of the three. Any way, it is pleasant to have it in such small bulk. "Never forget, under any circumstances, to think and act like a gentleman, and don't exceed your allowance." Who does not remember the opening words of **FRANK FAIRLEIGH**? (Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books, Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.) I must repeat that this series is producing excellent work, and I have no doubt that many are availing themselves of this opportunity of buying such excellent reproductions of famous old books. They are not asked to read introductions, nor are they worried by notes—a rather common fault with reprints. Three books of poems remain before me to be noticed. **WORDS-WORTH'S POEMS**, selected and edited by William Knight, LL.D., in the Thin Paper Classics (Newnes, 3s. 6d. net) is a pleasant volume to handle. The photogravure frontispiece, printed on Japanese vellum, is delightful. A heathery cover announces Messrs. Black's reprint of **THE LADY OF THE LAKE** (5s. net). Those who like their Scott illustrated will enjoy the very numerous full-page illustrations, some of which are coloured; but the art of photography does not seem to me a fitting mate for poesy. The poem is fully annotated, and altogether the book leaves little to the imagination. Another volume of Scott—**MARMION**—is the last remaining reprint (National Library, Cassell, 6d.). Evidently publishers still agree with John Murray that "We" (Miller & Murray) "both view it as honourable, profitable and glorious to be concerned in the publication of a new poem by Walter Scott," although "Marmion" is no longer new. Certainly Messrs. Cassell publish it at a price that would have considerably astonished the first publisher. F. T. S.

## Forthcoming Books, etc.

In the course of the next few weeks there will be published a little volume bearing the title "Tales of the Rail." It is being produced under the auspices of the Board of Management in Ireland of the Railway Benevolent Institution, and all the profits on the sales of the book will be devoted to the augmentation of the funds of that charity. The various contributions, which do not, we understand, make any particular claims to originality—though we are assured there is much that is original—have been supplied by railway men and others from every quarter of the kingdom. Anecdote and incident of railway life will bulk largely in these pleasant pages, which we are convinced will prove of special interest, not only to railway people, but to the countless thousands of the general public who in the course of business or pleasure daily use the railway, and hard-please passengers will find their little foibles hit off in a manner which will not fail to amuse even themselves. We sincerely trust the book will have a widespread—indeed, in view of its object, it deserves a world-wide—popularity, and that the purpose of the promoters, who have all worked at it more or less as a labour of love, may be abundantly realised.—"The Vicar's Mistake" is the title of a new novel by H. Hargreaves, to be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.—Encouraged by the success of "Printers' Pie" last year, Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, with the assistance of Mr. Arthur Croxton, has prepared another volume, to be published immediately, entitled "Printers' Pie, 1904," the proceeds from the sale of which will go to the funds of a very deserving charity—The Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation. Mr. Spottiswoode contributed £1,000 to the Printers' Pension Corporation last year as the result of publishing "Printers' Pie," and it is hoped, with the generous assistance of eminent authors and artists, and also of the printing trades, to obtain a very satisfactory result from the sale of the forthcoming issue. Among the well-known writers who have gratuitously contributed to "Printers' Pie, 1904," are: Miss M. E. Braddon, Madame Sarah Grand, Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Ouida, "Rita," the Duke of Argyll, K.T., Dr. W. Boyd Carpenter, Lord Bishop of Ripon, Sir Edwin Arnold, Lieut.-Col. M. Newnham Davis, Mr. Alfred Austin (Poet Laureate), and Messrs. W. L. Alden, F. Anstey, Harold Begbie, Arthur Bourchier, J. M. Bulloch, Austin Dobson, Athol Forbes, Tom Gallon, Thomas Hardy, C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, J. K. Jerome, Andrew Lang, Henry W. Lucy, William Le Queux, W. Pett Ridge, Adrian Ross, G. R. Sims, and Israel Zangwill, whilst art will be represented by Messrs. Charles Dana Gibson, James Greig, John Hassall, L. Raven Hill, Will Owen, Charles Pears, R. Sauber, S. H. Sime, Lance Thackeray, Starr Wood, Lawson Wood, &c., all of whom have given their services. "Printers' Pie, 1904," will be published free of charge by "The Sphere and Tatler, Limited," Great New Street, E.C., at the popular price of 1s.—On June 9 will be published, by Methuen & Co., in the Miniature Library, an edition of the "Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury," written by himself.—"Light, Life and Love" is the title of a selection from the German mystics, which has been edited by the Rev. W. R. Inge, M.A. It will be issued in the Library of Devotion next week.—A new volume of short stories by Mrs. Freeman (Mary E. Wilkins), entitled "The Givers," will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The stories are more in the vein of "A New England Nun" than most of her recent work has been.—Harper & Brothers announce a book on the political aims and aspirations of Germany, entitled "The Pan-Germanic Doctrine." It contains some plain speaking on many delicate points, and the author prefers to remain anonymous.

## New Books Received

## Theological and Biblical

- Butler (Dom Cuthbert), Texts and Studies: The Lausiac History of Palladius II. (Cambridge Press) net 10/6  
 Archbishop of Canterbury (The), With All Thy Mind (Hodder & Stoughton) 0/2

## Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Lee (Sidney), edited by, An English Garner: Elizabethan Sonnets, 2 vols. (Constable) each net 4/0  
 Moore (E. Hamilton), Thrytho: a Drama. (Sherratt & Hughes) net 4/6  
 Dobell (Eva), Songs and Sonnets. (Elkin Matthews) net 1/0  
 Bell (G. K. A.), Delphi (Newdigate Prize Poem) (Oxford: Blackwell) net 1/0  
 O'Donnell (F. Hugh), The Stage Irishman of the Pseudo-Celtic Drama (Long) net 1/0

## History and Biography

- Davitt (Michael), The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland. (Harper) net 10/6  
 Smeaton (Oliphant), Edinburgh and Its Story. (Dent) net 21/0

## Travel and Topography

- Savage-Landor (A. Henry), The Gems of the East, 2 vols. (Macmillan) net 30/0  
 Crosswell (Beatrice F.), The Quantock Hills (Homeland Association) net 2/6  
 Iaman, M.A. (The Rev. H. T.), Near Oxford. (Oxford: Alden) net 1/0

## Art

- Phil May in Australia. (Edwards Dunlop) net 21/0  
 Royal Academy Pictures, Part 4. (Cassell) net 1/0  
 The Burlington Magazine. (Cassell) net 2/6

## Educational

- Sayce, M.A. (The Rev. A. H.), An Elementary Grammar of the Assyrian Language. (Bagster) 5/0  
 Irwin (Sidney T.), Why We Learn Latin and Greek. (Constable) 1/0

## Miscellaneous

- Twain (Mark), Extracts from Adam's Diary. (Harper) net 2/0  
 Kilburn, Mus.Bac. (N.), The Story of Chamber Music (Walter Scott) net 3/6  
 Atkins (J. B.), edited by, National Physical Training. (Labieter) 2/6  
 Bell (Mrs. Hugh), Wordless Conversation. (Arnold) net 1/0  
 Sims (G. R.), Among My Autographs. (Chatto & Windus) 3/6  
 Cowan (The Rev. W.), The Humorous Side of the Pulpit. (Treherne) 2/6  
 Red Paint at Oxford: Sketches by "Fish" and "Tush". (Greening) 2/0  
 Heffernan (Tom), The "Lisa" Letters. (Greening) 1/0  
 The Oxford and Cambridge Yearbook, 1904: Cambridge (Sonnenschein) net 3/6  
 Report of the Librarian of Congress, 1903 (Washington: Government Printing Office)  
 Pardo de Tavera (T. H.), Biblioteca Filipina (Washington: Government Printing Office)  
 Joseph's Letters Upon Egypt, Nos. 2 and 3. (Cassell) each net 0/6  
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 Rowntree (J.) and Sherwell (A.), The Licensing Bill, 1904: Art. No. 7 and Supersession of the Local Magistrates (York: Delittle, Fenwick) each 0/1  
 Quiller-Couch (A. T.), edited by, The World of Adventure, Part 1 (Cassell) net 0/6  
 Russell (Hon. R.), First Conditions of Human Prosperity (Longmans) net 2/6  
 Pentlow (J. N.), England v. Australia, 1877-1904. (Arrowsmith) 3/6  
 Lodge (H. C.), Introduction by, Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt, 1902-1904. (Putnam) 6/0  
 Hancock (H. Irving), Physical Training for Children by Japanese Methods. (Putnam) net 5/0  
 Report of the Astronomer Royal. (Royal Observatory)

## Fiction

- "The Descent of Man," by Edith Wharton (Macmillan), 6/0; "The Hand of Leonore," by H. Noel Williams (Harper), 6/0; "The God in the Garden," by Koble Howard (Chapman & Hall), 6/0; "The Garden of Lies," by J. M. Forman (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Joshua Newings," by G. F. Bradby (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "The Homebuilders," by Karl E. Harriman (Brown, Langham), 6/0; "The Shadow of a Throne," by F. W. Hayes (Hutchinson), 6/0; "The Maid Lilies," by William Platt (Greening), 6/0; "The Setting Sun," by "X" (Skeffington), 3/6; "The Ragged Messenger," by W. B. Maxwell (Richards), 6/0; "Father Clancy," by A. Fremdling (Duckworth), 6/0; "Angelo Bastiani," by Lionel Cust (Constable), 6/0; "Coming Home to Roost," by G. Manville Fenn (White), 6/0; "The Main Chance," by Meredith Nicholson (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "The Wheeling Light," by Fergus Hume (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "John Strong, the Boaster," by Old Humphrey (R.T.S.), 2/0; "The End of the Song," by the Countess of Cromartie (Hutchinson), 6/0; "The Spoilsman," by Elliott Flower (Putnam), 6/0; "The Corner in Coffee," by Cyrus Townsend Brady (Putnam), 6/0; "The Modern Obstacle," by Alice Duer Miller (Putnam), 6/0.

## Reprints and New Editions

- Unwin: "George Chapman," edited by Wm. Lyon Phelps, M.A., net 2/6 and 3/6.  
 Newnes: "A Journal of the Plague Year," by Daniel Defoe, net 2/6;  
 "Poems by William Wordsworth," edited by Prof. Knight, net 3/6.  
 Constable: "Dracula," by Bram Stoker, net 2/6.  
 Blackwell (Oxford): "The French Wars of Religion," net 3/6.  
 Macmillan: "Parkwater," by Mrs. Henry Wood, 2/6.  
 Wentworth Publishing Co.: "The Seaside and Inland ABC Holiday Guide, 1904," net 1/0.  
 Hutchinson: "Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott," net 1/0.

## Sixpenny Reprints

- Seeley: "In Lincoln Green," by Edward Gilliat.

## Periodicals

- "The Monthly Review," "Blackwood's Magazine," "Cassell's History of the Russo-Japanese War," "The Artisan," "All the World," "The Author," "American Journal of Mathematics," "Windsor Magazine," "The Antiquary," Bible Society "Gleanings" and "Monthly Reporter," "The Commonwealth," "Architectural Review," "Geographical Journal," "West Ham Library Notes," "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute," "Indian Magazine," "Independent Review," "Harper's Monthly Magazine," "National Review," "Lippincott's," "Good Words," "Sunday Magazine," "Indian Antiquary."



## Egomet

**I** WAS watching a mother crooning over her solemn-eyed babe the other day and the thought came into my mind of how many things he would see, hear and do that would not be for me, aye, and how many books he would read upon which my eyes would never fall. Do I look upon the world with overbookish outlook? Every man gazes out upon mankind and judges them from his personal standpoint, which with me is that of one who has studied life as far as in him lay not only in life itself but in the world of letters; the latter study having, surely, made my view more broad than that of any man who depends for knowledge upon his own personal observation. However many friends I may have, however numerous the people I may meet, no matter over how great a portion of the world I may travel, my personal knowledge of mankind must remain petty, at any rate as affording means for forming judgments upon my fellows. But with my books at hand, or beneath the dome of the British Museum which I can see when I stand at my window and look out over the chimney pots—with my books I can travel through all ages and climes, can hold converse with the great dead and the great living, and can draw knowledge as from an inexhaustible well.

So I think a bookman's eyes should be clear-sighted, if he has not spent all his years a-poring over pages; a bookman need be no hermit, but must rub shoulders, not only with his bookish comrades, but with all manner of men and women, for there is no such true whetstone for the mind as conversation with the world. Have not almost all great writers loved the companionship of their fellow-men? But I must return to that solemn-eyed babe and its wondering mother.

WHAT very solemn eyes have babies and some children—a few—a very few men and women. And how greatly do mothers wonder over their babes. Yet a baby is merely the young of men and women—a cub, a chicken, a puppy, a kitten, delightful to play with when he does not cry, or scratch, or bite—though I understand he cannot do this last. To me the wonder in a babe is to think that here lies a human being with all life before him. The world seems very old and grey to me sometimes; to the young—however unhappy they may be—the world is young and fresh; the world grows old with us. Each new year brings its compensations with it, each pleasure which has lost savour is replaced by some new one; but, oh, how I hunger sometimes for the joys that are no more for me; yet, an I had them granted to me again, I—should find them indigestible lollipops, possibly with an evil taste.

YES; this babe will run through a few years and then will have the delight of reading for the first time "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels"—I hope and trust that young folk do still read those two dear books! And I wonder how many of them could tell me the names of their authors? To read them for the first time—to meet Crusoe, and Friday, and Gulliver and all the BIG ONES and all the LITTLE ONES.

For the first time! I would give a great number of books I have read since those great days of my life to be able once more to read those two tales for the first time. No second or third, or other time is *quite* so good. Other readings bring other pleasures, but not so splendid, though it seems a hard saying that it is more pleasant to make a new friend than to meet an old one, but it is only so with regard to books and of them only of a few. Most of my favourite books I love more and more as I know them more and more; but there are a few that I loved so deeply at first sight that I could not give them more of my heart without injury to that organ, such as the two already named, "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Vanity Fair," Keats' "Endymion," Byron's "Childe Harold," Hawthorne's novels, and "The Vicar of Wakefield." I read them still, but not with that first fine frenzy. Curiously enough, with the exception of "Pickwick," I find that all Dickens' work improves upon further acquaintance; but "Pickwick" is to me too full of what I may call *physical* fun and is to me already old-fashioned. Of course I am wrong in this opinion I know, but it came to the tip of my pen and I am not ashamed of it.

BUT, to return once more to my lamb. There are many books now in existence, of which I have never even heard perchance, that he will read, which may or may not be good fortune to him. But think! When I am gone, he will be here still for years and years and will read books now unwritten, undreamt of, the writers even of which may yet be unborn. Great books, perhaps, some of them; the plays of a second Shakespeare, who knows? Why am I deprived of the right to read those books of years to come? Why am I bound down to the past and the present—while this little morsel of flesh and blood will peep into the future? Why? That's the old unanswerable question. Yet I am better off than those who died a hundred years ago—for them no Dickens, no Thackeray, no Miss Austen, no Scott, no Keats, no Browning, no Ruskin, no Meredith, no Carlyle, no—an hundred "noes." So let me be content and wish you equal luck, my child.

E. G. O.

## The Work of Herbert Spencer

## III.—His Conception of Science

**A** RECENT controversy in "The Times" furnished us with an illustration of that conception of science which Spencer destroyed. The issue was between Greek and "Natural Science" at Oxford, and Professor Case, thoroughly at home in championing a lost cause, observed that it was no doubt interesting to know what happened when one moving object met another, but that it is also worth while to study the mind of man and his history: a proposition to which one cannot imagine a dissentient. So much for

Professor Case's conception of science. Then my friendly critic, a "Student of Literature"—by which term he means non-scientific literature, excluding the works of, shall we say, Aristotle, Lucretius, Newton, Descartes, Comte and Spencer—conceives of science as a mode of inquiry which approaches man through the cosmos, whilst that portion of literature which he calls literature approaches man directly. Thus there still survives the notion, apparently, that man is not part of the cosmos.

Now to Herbert Spencer, and, in consequence, to the vast majority of students to-day, science is a term with no such false or arbitrary limitations. The term "natural science" is obsolete, or, remembering Oxford, I should say obsolescent. The reader of to-day may indeed ask whether the antithesis to it was unnatural science or supernatural science. As a matter of fact, the antitheses were mental and moral science. Need I say that these barriers—born of human ignorance—have long been broken down, that you cannot now study psychology without physics, or ethics without psychology and biology? *All the subdivisions* of science, without exception, are artificial contrivances, devised for convenience' sake. History, politics, biography, are all parts of science, as much as physics or geology.

What, then, do we mean by science? Spencer's definition is far and away the best. Science is *organised knowledge*. And let us look at this term. We must inquire, first of all, whether it is absolutely all-inclusive. Theoretically, I believe it is. The fact, say, that you were born in Manchester on the 17th of April, 1867, may be treated as a scientific fact, because by an effort it may be organised or correlated with other facts. The scientific historian or biographer of the future might find in this fact, if necessary, a proof that cities existed at that date, that new human beings were born, that a certain mode of calculating time was in vogue. But without thus treating the fact, it belongs, if you will forgive me, to the non-scientific category. It is what Spencer called a "dead fact," for the essence of the assertion is not capable of being organised or correlated with others, though its accidents, as I have shown, may be worked into the branch of science called sociology.

This distinction between dead and living facts—non-scientific or scientific—is the all-important one. That action and reaction are equal and opposite, that the infantile mortality is high in cities, that villain once meant villager, that the will is determined by the more cogent motive, that the French monarchy was upset in the last decade of the eighteenth century, that the Japanese say "If it must be so" as their word of parting, and that most people read novels—all these are equally scientific facts, though some have a higher degree of generality than others. All of them are capable of being organised and made part of the ever-growing body of Truth. It is a scientific fact that a reversion to Protection was advocated in this country a year ago, but it is a dead fact that the advocate was Mr. Chamberlain rather than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Yet, like all dead facts, this has a measure of life, for it might be used as part-basis for a psychological generalisation.

These considerations will teach us to understand the meaning of the assertion that history is becoming a science nowadays. This does not merely mean that the historian is becoming more precise, or that the number of historical facts is increasing, or even that a new method, called scientific, is being applied to history. It means that historians are daily spending more time upon the living and less upon the dead facts of history: it means that Spencer's remark about history as a "record of royal misdemeanours" is becoming inapplicable. It means that history is gradually being regarded as a combination of descriptive sociology and scientific biography. Of the latter we have an instance in Spencer's own life, wherein people and incidents occupy a few dozen pages, whilst the history of ideas and motives occupies hundreds. In his recent study of British Genius, Mr. Havelock Ellis echoes Spencer's oft-repeated lament about the sins of biographers. Seeking to study this subject he sought the Dictionary

of National Biography, which should have been a goldmine for his purpose. But the facts which have a meaning do not occur in that extended work: and Mr. Ellis is compelled to wish for the day when biographers shall have a biological training. To him it matters whether his subject was an only child, or the eldest of twenty, or the youngest. The mother of his genius is as important as the father, and so forth. From the scientific point of view this great enterprise is little more than a "might-have-been," for the biographers probably shared Professor Case's puerile conception of science.

And, lastly, as to the greatest triumphs of science—its generalisations. You hear some one remark: "Great Scot, there must be some reason for it!" This remark of common sense is an unconscious assertion of the greatest of scientific generalisations—universal causation. Hear Spencer:

"What is science? To see the absurdity of the prejudice against it, we need only remark that science is a higher development of common knowledge; and that if science is repudiated all knowledge must be repudiated along with it. It is nowhere possible to say where the dicta of common sense end and the generalisations of science begin."

C. W. SALEEBY.

## Dramatic Notes

### The Edge of the Storm

THE great disappointment of last week was Mr. Forbes Robertson's production "The Edge of the Storm," a disappointment proportionate to the pleasurable anticipation with which I had looked forward to the re-appearance of this clever actor. What such a true artist as Mr. Forbes Robertson has shown himself to be in previous productions could have seen in such a play is a mystery. Is it possible that he has always harboured a sneaking desire to act in an old-fashioned melodrama, for this is the only description that can be given to "The Edge of the Storm"? The actor-manager's cry "plenty of incident, plenty of incident," is more than satisfied by this piece. It is too full of incident, incident that does not advance the action of the play and only confuses the spectator.

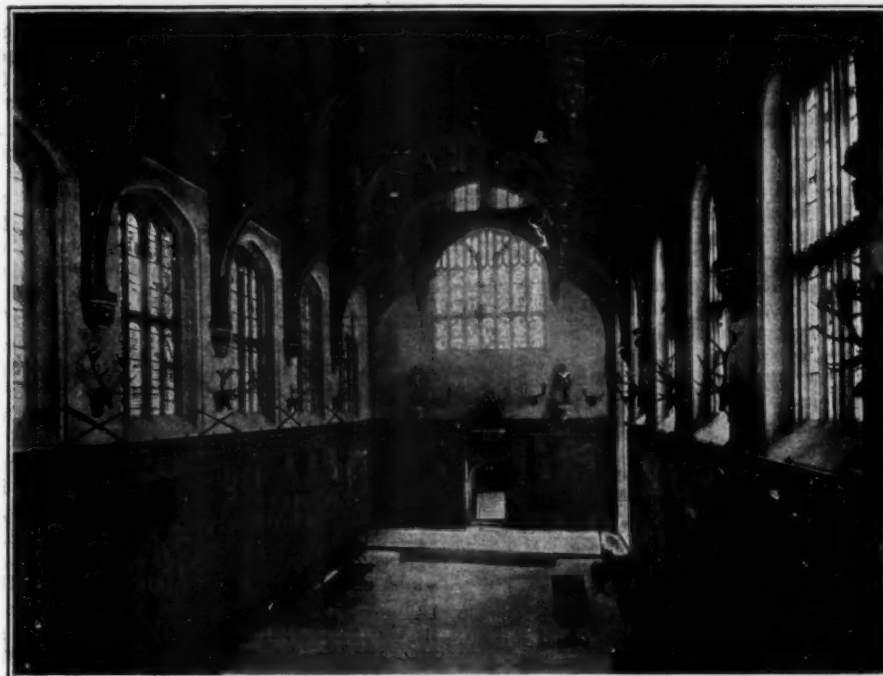
THE effect on the audience is that of patchwork. It is as though Miss Margaret Young had taken a handful of brightly-coloured fragments and patched them together loosely. The colours are not always effective and sometimes they are childishly crude. The Hungarian revolution of 1848, the escape of Metternich from infuriated patriots who capture the wrong man, the Indian Mutiny, three attempts at murder, and a fair sprinkling of pistol shots, is surely enough colour for any one. But all the situations meant to be so striking and dramatic fail to grip the audience and fall lifeless. Where there should be a thrill there is only polite interest, where there should be excitement there is only a calm aloofness.

WHY? Because the whole play is absolutely unreal, and therefore unconvincing. This not because it is melodramatic, for melodrama can be convincing, although it seldom is, but because it is not true to life. There is no inevitability in the development of the plot, no spark of inspiration in the writing. The chief burden of the acting falls on the shoulders of Miss Gertrude Elliott, who was hardly strong enough for the



arduous task. No doubt the burden was made more arduous by the unreality of the play, which affects player and onlooker alike. The heroine, Leta, is an Hungarian and during the prologue saves the life of the

defence, revives and contributes to the ordinary "happy ever after" conclusion. Mr. Forbes Robertson was not well suited with the part of the Englishman; perhaps he, too, was overweighted by the unreality of the play.



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON: THE GREAT HALL, HAMPTON COURT

[Photo. Booker & Sultzean, Chancery Lane]

Englishman, who has been taken prisoner in mistake for Metternich, by cutting the rope that binds him. In making his escape he unknowingly kills Leta's father, and the curtain falls on the swearing of an oath to kill the Englishman.

THE next act takes place in India after an interval of nine years. Why this interval? Was it only to bring in the Indian Mutiny as an appropriate setting? It was most confusing. Leta and her sister have at last tracked the Englishman. Leta, we are told, has suffered a fever and forgotten her oath and the circumstances of her father's death. Her very determined sister twice attempts the life of the Englishman, but is frustrated by the devotion of a Hindu servant. Finally she allows Leta to marry the Englishman, trusting that when her memory shall be reawakened her love shall be consumed by her hatred. This should have been stirring; what could be more dramatic than the spectacle of a woman torn between a great love and a great hate? A woman who is prompted by her patriotic sentiments to kill the husband that she has grown to love.

THE last act is tumultuous with the banging of guns, the firing of pistol-shots, and general disorder and confusion. The Sepoys have attacked the station, but at the crucial moment relief, of course, arrives. Leta, who is apparently dead of a wound received in her husband's

Such an actor is worthy of a better play. Miss Henrietta Watson gave a bright, welcome impersonation of an officer's wife, while such performers as Mr. Frank Mills, Mr. Ian Robertson and Mr. Leon Quartermaine played small parts in an able manner.

MR. TREE's revivals are attracting large audiences. His revival of "The Last of the Dandies" was chiefly remarkable for the advent of Miss Marion Terry, who acted delightfully and looked charming as Lady Blessington. "The Man Who Was" was by far the most interesting item on the bill, and Mr. Tree acts wisely in placing it after "The Last of the Dandies" instead of in front. The public that lingers over coffee and liqueurs rarely arrives in time for a curtain-raiser. Kipling's little story plays remarkably well, but then Kipling is rich in dramatic feeling. Mr. Tree does full justice to the part of Austin Limmason. But why has Mr. Kinsey Peile thought fit to introduce four female characters into the piece? The meeting between Austin Limmason's sister and the Russian is entirely obvious and unnecessary, and does not maintain the otherwise high level of the play. It is in such a part as this that Mr. Tree best shows his great ability; he is always intelligent and interesting, but in a character part he is more—we forget the actor and remember only the character he impersonates. Mr. Tree is a very fine artist, I wish he would not waste his abilities on such plays as "The Last of the Dandies" and "The Darling of the Gods"; his art should not be spent on trifles.

## Musical Notes

**T**HE London Symphony Orchestra has given its first concert and is undoubtedly a fine band, but it remains to be proved that London is capable of supporting two permanent orchestras of this kind. If it is, then the public will have been nothing but gainers by the recent split. But one cannot avoid certain misgivings—bearing in mind the fate of more than one organisation by which the suffrages of London amateurs have been wooed in the past. Meanwhile the choice of a permanent conductor by the new band is a matter which it is understood is to be left in abeyance for a time. Offers, it seems, have been received from so many eminent conductors of established repute that for a time these will be relied on, a different *chef d'orchestre* being engaged for each concert. But in the end it will doubtless be found best to choose a permanent chief.

SATURDAY is usually a busy day for the concert-goer, but it is some time since a more varied afternoon's music than that of to-morrow has invited attention. What with the Jubilee concert on Handel Festival lines at the Crystal Palace, Patti at the Albert Hall, and Kubelik in Langham Place, it will indeed be a divided duty confronting the conscientious critic on this occasion.

MR. MANNERS seems to be doing far better at Drury Lane than had been anticipated by most. But he has learnt certain things in the process. Among them, that it is not the best policy to tell the public that you are losing heavily every night. Also that latter-day London audiences prefer "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" to "Maritana" and "The Bohemian Girl." In this respect the London public has shown itself ahead of the provinces, where, as Mr. Manners has often stated, it is the old-fashioned works which invariably make up for the losses entailed by modern ones.

AT Drury Lane the case has been just the other way about. "Martha," "The Bohemian Girl," and the rest have drawn the smallest audiences and "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" the biggest. This is not a little significant. Indeed, Mr. Manners' experience as a whole has gone to prove pretty conclusively that there is a much larger demand for high-class opera in London than most people had supposed; and this despite the fact that considerable losses have been entailed. Notwithstanding the counter attractions of Covent Garden and the admitted imperfections of the performances, hundreds of people have been attracted to Drury Lane night after night, and at present there is not the slightest sign that Mr. Manners will not carry out his original intention and complete his projected three months' season. This really implies a great deal.

AT Covent Garden repetitions have been the order of the day for the most part lately, but Saint-Saëns' "Hélène" is now in rehearsal and is spoken of as likely to be seen some time before the end of the present month. Madame Melba, who created the part, will repeat her impersonation of the title-rôle, while M. Dalmorès as Paris, Miss Elizabeth Parkina as Venus, and Madame Kirkby Lunn as Pallas will make up the remaining members of the cast. Before the production of "Hélène" Madame Calvé will probably have made her *reentrée*, but Madame Eames, another star of former seasons, is not, it seems, to be included in the Covent Garden firmament this year. Plançon, on the other hand, is reappearing once more.

## Art Notes

## The Italians at Earl's Court

**E**ARL'S COURT is not the place one usually visits in order to find masterpieces of the modern school, but there have been good displays of pictures in the galleries of these pleasure grounds; and this year has brought the work of more than one good Italian to the Art Section. Segantini is represented by some eight or nine works in a room to himself; and amongst the canvases is the very fine picture of "The Two Mothers." The cow is broadly painted, as are the mother and child, though all are life-size, showing Segantini's method of vibrant broken colour to be as powerful in rendering masses as it is in rendering small detail. The whole effect is mellow and rich, and the colour-scheme very beautiful. Here also are Segantini's large sunset piece, known as "Nature," and his "Musical Allegory." Indeed throughout these galleries one is constantly reminded of his influence upon the art of modern Italy. Here, in another gallery, are two telling works by Tavernier, treated with brilliant effect, in the vibrant broken-coloured method of Segantini to some extent, but the colour is handled in a gem-like manner that creates marvellously vivid glowing masses both in the picture of the girl on the mountain side called "Mountain Flora," and in the picture of the nude girl on the river's bank called "By the River," though I notice that the flesh of the nude is not painted in the same manner as the rest of the picture. Here also are more than one very characteristic example of the fine works of Mancini, whose "En Voyage" is amongst the pictures of the year at the Royal Academy. Indeed one of the Mancinis is lent by Mr. John Sargent to the Earl's Court exhibition; and the fact that his work has won the admiration of Mr. Sargent ought to be the highest praise that Signor Mancini can receive from the English-speaking people. Vegetti sends a charming piece, an old figure entering a church door in "Winter." Conconi is represented by a largely handled study in brown and white, "The House of the Magician." Molin sends a dramatic picture of an injured victim of labour being carried into a church—an excellently spaced composition. The Venetian, Rosa, shows a richly painted interior—"The Choir of the Frari Church, Venice"; Cavalleri sends a "Rustic Merrymaking"; and another Turin artist, Sobrile, the pathetic and severe picture "Mother." Follini is represented by one canvas, "The Cliff." In the Naples room are a series of the minute but freely handled works of Casciaro, dainty in treatment and rich in colour—of the method we have come to associate with modern Italy. Another Neapolitan artist, Professor Michetti, is represented by "La Pastora" (The Shepherdess) painted in the largely handled, sun-filled manner that the modern Italian loves. The lamb in this long horizontal canvas is a brilliant piece of work. Of the Venetians, besides Rosa and Molin, there is the "Venetian River" of Selvatico. Altogether the Italians show several canvases well worth going to see, even if Segantini's "Two Mothers" were not on view.

Messrs. Goupil are showing a fine collection of "Japanese Prints"; Messrs. Dowdeswell the silver work, enamels and bronze work of Alexander Fisher; Mr. Van Wisselingh a number of pictures by French, English and Dutch artists; Messrs. Cassell their annual Black and White display; and Mr. Baillie the work of Charles Agard and Charles Pears.



## PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,  
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W. Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

A WITTY writer said the other day that it must not be forgotten that many of our oldest Academicians were artists in early life. The young students of the Westminster School of Art who held their third annual exhibition of sketches last week, under the presidency of Mr. Mouat Loudan, will probably not all become Academicians, and therein lies their salvation. There was much good work on view, work that showed individuality, taste, and keenness for the right point of view. The sketches of Frederick Peart, Irene Kaye, M. C. Forestier, Dora Mathews, B. S. Pedder, and Lilian Orr were all noteworthy, and something more than promising, and the earnest and imaginative drawings of U. W. A. Parkes were quite delightful in their sincere sentiment and lack of the slightest affectation. The show, as a whole, was eloquent testimony to Mr. Mouat Loudan's method of teaching.

## Correspondence

"Of"

SIR,—Mr. C. H. Monro argues so convincingly that I am constrained to surrender, though I shall never quite overcome, my prejudice against "of mine" and kindred phrases. It never occurred to me that "mine" could in any sense be regarded as objective; but I now see that such is indeed possible, and that, in the process, the little word becomes a veritable mine of verbal wealth.—Yours, &c. J. B. WALLIS.

SIR,—In syntactical discussions it is well to bear in mind that the demands of usage determine what is to be regarded as grammatical. The modern indeclinable possessive adjective pronoun "mine," e.g., if one had respect to its origin from the genitive case of a personal pronoun, might perhaps be considered inadmissible in the sentence "Mine is here." There can surely be no more objection to the use of the preposition "of" as a demonstrative syllable in such sentences as "He is a friend of mine" than to its ancient use as an intensive prefix, exemplified in the modified words "a-feared," "an-hungered." On the score of sheer grammar one might reject from English "ours," "yours," "theirs," and "hers," inasmuch as they are double possessives, as indicated by their "s" in addition to "r." Certainly at one time our modern nominative absolute, or subject absolute, would have horrified precisians.

Of the three sentences "This is a portrait of me," "This is my portrait," and "This is a portrait of mine," the first defines the relation of the object to a certain person, the second points out (according to the stress on the third or fourth word) that the object is either the exclusive property of the owner or is property of a certain nature, but the last simply announces possession of an object of a particular class, i.e., "It is a portrait, to wit, mine." If such sentences cannot be regarded as equivalent in meaning, one may well be content with each, remembering that grammar is made for man, and not man for grammar.—Yours, &c.

The Hermitage, Sutton.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED.]

## E. G. O.'s Wants

SIR,—I am indebted to Egomet. By the recollection of his many references to Charles Lamb I have always looked to him as of the "brotherhood." The various wants recently placed before THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE readers must have astonished his friends, and left them with a feeling akin to bewilderment.

Must we (I speak to book-lovers) without protest allow Egomet to go his way? Generally we have happily wandered together hand in hand; but there appears a doubt as to the necessity of the turning we have dreamily taken.

It has come to the rubbing of the eyes—we are awake! I know he will tell me he cares not what I say, and that I must not disturb him, and possibly repeat "that all great men are dreamers."

Egomet asks for "selections culled from Shakespeare and his fellows, Dekker and his like, &c., &c."

The "discreet friend" may appear. Who knows? He must, however, beware if he looks to Egomet for support. Egomet, I am satisfied, would be the first to discourage the use of such a book, and I might safely prophesy he would plainly tell us the real reading was being done for us.

"It is only the flowers we grow, or, at least, gather for ourselves, that are really ours."—Yours, &c. O. GOWAN.

[E. G. O. asked only for extracts dealing with London life.—ED.]

## "Academy" Questions &amp; Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must NOT be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference; this is not an information bureau.

## COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

## SHAKESPEAREANA.

SHAKESPEARE'S TREATMENT OF HIS "ORIGINALS."—When Shakespeare sat down to write a play he was not at all particular that the story on which he wove his thought should be original. Borrowing of facts, or feigned facts, was not reckoned robbery in his days. He had to make them his own by labour, under certain limitations. He had to consider (1) whether his production was safe to pass the censor's examination; (2) whether it was likely to please the play-going public; (3) its suitability to the acting powers of his own company and the facilities of his own stage; (4) its satisfaction of his own poetic feelings and critical judgment; (5) to these, in some cases, at least, might be added "a second intention," such as Spenser elaborated in the "Faerie Queene," where he combined a general and special meaning in his characters and plots.

1. The "censor" was a very real and active person in Shakespeare's days, ready to pounce upon authors, at times, even when little expected. He always had to be considered, sometimes to be influenced. A stringent edict gave him new powers just as Shakespeare began to write for the stage, and there is no doubt that it had its influence in helping the poet to do so much towards raising and refining the British drama.

2. He studied his public, as they came to study him, and he knew that while they dearly liked something new, they also liked old associations and ideals; he knew they liked sensational situations, with plenty of blood and murder, but from that he gradually weaned them by turning their attention to character more than action; he knew they hungered for humour and mirth at any cost, and he gave it to them in liberal measure, though he gradually refined as he worked, and made fun proportionate.

3. The general acting power of his company necessarily varied from time to time, as its members altered and aged. We can see this in successive editions of "Hamlet," who ages as Burbage aged. A fuller biographical knowledge of the other actors would help us to determine the date of the first cast of each play. When Kemp left the company we may be sure his parts were not easily filled. Shakespeare gradually retired from histrionic efforts himself as he grew older and less dependent upon his

earnings as an actor. He shrank from the publicity of it, as we may see in *Sonnets* ex. and cxi. It was his modest retiring nature, however, his dislike to show himself in his parts, rather than his incapability, that made him feel so. Some people have imagined that he was a second-rate actor because he had been said to have taken subordinate parts. It seems to me just the opposite. The star system had not then arisen to produce inartistic disproportion among the performers' appearances. It was probably just because he was a superlative actor that he took into his hands to raise and refine parts that had been degraded by meaner treatment, like the Ghost in *Hamlet*. The oldest notice we have of the older form of *Hamlet* speaks of "the ghost that cries so miserably at the theater like an Aister-wife, *Hamlet*, revenge." Of his charm and power as an actor we have abundant contemporary notices. But he had "Burhage" to do his heroes and express his thoughts, and he had to see everything fit in to him.

4. Its satisfaction of his own poetic feelings and judgment. One has only to study the plays that he has recast to see how powerfully this influence acted in the raising and beautifying of situations and characters, before imperfect or unsatisfactory.

5. There is no doubt that he owed some of his power over his contemporaries to the suggestions of living men in ancient heroes, where he "made old offences of affections new." The very clues to much of this we have now lost, but sufficient traces remain to suggest the possibility of more. For instance, his "*Venus and Adonis*," in the general idea, shows how the blandishments of sense have little power over hearts filled with other interests; in his secondary intention he evidently symbolises Henry, 3rd Earl of Southampton. I do not think that Sir Thomas Lucy was satirised in "*Justice Shallow*," but many of the plays can bear studying for personalities. Mr. French and other writers think that "*Hamlet*" is intended to represent Sir Philip Sidney, and that old Polonius was Lord Burleigh. His advice to his son Robert, when setting out on his travels, was very like that of Polonius to Laertes. Burleigh did not like theatres, which gives point to *Hamlet's* remarks about the payment of actors. The Court and the City were constantly complaining about the personalities on the stage, but we have never heard of Shakespeare's name having been mixed up in any case. Probably he steered the golden mean, and managed to disarm criticism by his admirable poetry. Once, indeed, his heart may have failed him, when the manager of his company was apprehended and examined for playing "*Richard II.*" at the bidding of the Earl of Essex to stir up the people. "Know you not that I am Richard II.?" said Queen Elizabeth to the historian Lambard.

These five limitations affected him in different proportions at different times of his life, as he gradually educated, not only himself, but his audience, by his work; public events altered feelings, and fashion changed opinion.

In regard to his originals, we must notice his thorough mastery of them and his study of other works associated with them. He more than justified the opinion of Webster, his fellow-dramatist, of "the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare," an industry not yet sufficiently realised. Whether or not the net result of his boyish study at the Stratford Grammar School (then one of the best of its time) had been only to leave him "a little Latin and less Greek," it is perfectly certain that after he came to London he acquired more; that he learned to read French, and that he came into touch with foreign literature translated into that language; that he heard fragments of other languages one can well understand now, and that the conversation with cultured people educated him. Even his lighter plays bear witness to the work of the student, as well as the invention of the poet. He consulted many authorities and fused together materials from several sources, generally raising and refining them all.

He makes a broad line of distinction between "Histories" and other dramas, whether tragedy or comedy. In all that he named "Histories" he tried to represent much fact in little space and suggest more; and adhered as faithfully to his authority as the laws of the stage or of his own mind would permit. He might select and foreshorten, show blue hazy distances and pre-Raphaelite foregrounds, but he did this with an artistic fidelity that combined conceptions and created real ideas. There was no national school of painting then; the art of the dramatist was therefore a school of illustration as well as of fact and theory. His histories therefore essay to represent veracities, in which his imagination acted rather as an illuminator than as an inventor. He had a conscientious desire not to mislead his hearers knowingly, but he had to paint the past with the colouring of the present in order to make it live in the eyes of living men. His intensely patriotic feeling suffused every period, his large sympathetic soul embraced every creed, and the actions of men were measured by their devotion to the national cause rather than by their personal aggrandisement.

When he did not write "Histories" he felt himself free to be faithful or not, as he pleased, to the sources whence he drew his incidents. If he followed a drama, it depended much on whether it belonged to his own company or not; whether it had been acted lately and created interest, or so long ago that it was high forgotten. Some of his comedies, written for a purpose, interweave many threads of interest. The best illustration of this is perhaps "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," where several plots are contained within one. Some of his tragedies, also written for a purpose, falsify the stories whence they are drawn, as "*Macbeth*" and "*Hamlet*." Other plays are so faithful as to seem only plagiarisms, were not the whole spirit of the drama altered by his inspiration.—C.C.S.

## Questions

### NOTICE.

We find that many persons who are not regular purchasers of "*The Academy and Literature*" are availing themselves of this column, which is intended for such purchasers only. In future, therefore, all communications from those entering the "*Academy Questions and Answers*" Competition must be accompanied by some portion of the cover or the letterpress pages bearing the title of the paper and the date of the current issue.

### SHAKESPEARE.

"THE AIR BITES SHREWDLY."—Has any one, save Shakespeare, ever used the word *shrewdly* to express an East wind?—H.R.T.

KIMBOLTON CASTLE.—Can any one say where Kimbolton is, where Queen Katharine died ("Henry VIII." IV. ii.)?—*Emilie Fowley*.

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON.—Is there any modern reproduction, to be bought at a reasonable price, of a map of London as it existed in the time of Shakespeare?—*Edward Jones*.

### LITERATURE.

"AN OVERCOME SOOTH."—In "*Underwoods*," by R. L. S., No. XVI. Book II, I find:

It's an overcome sooth for age an' youth,  
And it brooks wi' nae denial,  
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends,  
And the young are just on trial.

What is the meaning of *overcome sooth*?—*Flora T. Orr* (Edinburgh).

\* "MONNA VANNA."—Is the story utilised by Maeterlinck historically true? If so, where can I find it? It seems incredible that the whole populace of a town should so joyously acquiesce in the degradation of their leader's wife. Are there any similar true stories?—*Hopful* (Derby).

AUTHOR WANTED.—Can any one tell me who is the author of these lines, and on what occasion they were lately used?

What is a Socialist? One who hath yearnings  
For equal division of unequal earnings:  
A rogue or a bungler, or both, he is willing  
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.

—D. F. Burgess.

### GENERAL.

\* "MAUPYGERNON."—What is, or was, the dish called Maupygernon?—S.A.F. (Brighton).

\* "WANT-WAY."—The term "Want-way," which I believe denotes the meeting-place of two roads, does not appear to be in very common use, although I have heard it from a few country folk. Doubtless some of your readers can oblige by giving the derivation of it.—P.R.

HUNTING THE WREN.—When the dead wren is carried from house to house, tied to a holly-bush generally, the boys sing a song commencing—

The wren, the wren,  
The king of all birds.

Why "king of all birds"? He is called *roi-lelet* in French, and, when the name is translated, "hedg-king" in German, and I have heard he is similarly styled in Magyar. Whence this tradition?—W.H.W. (Killarney).

## Answers

### SHAKESPEARE.

\* SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH.—Pistol ("Henry V." V. iv. 19) "... brass, cur?" In reply to W.B. the spelling of *bras* in the sixteenth century was *brasse*, thus retaining the sound of the older *brace*, which showed its derivation from the original *L. brachium*. Words which have undergone similar changes are *pas* from *L. passus* and *gras* from *L. crassus*.—S.C. (Hove).

\* "TAMING OF THE SHREW."—Last week your contributor asks if Berkeley's Discourse on the Felicity of Man, 1596, could be the original of "*The Taming of the Shrew*." But in 1594 this play was performed by Shakespeare's company, though not published as his until the Folio of 1623; in the same year (1594) it was performed by the Earl of Pembroke's company, which rendering was published in that year also. This is called the old form, "*The Taming of a Shrew*." We do not know whether Shakespeare's company played the old or the new rendering, or a third variety different from either. But in any case the play precedes "*The Discourse*."—C.C.S.

\* "WHEN WE HAVE SHUFFLED OFF THIS MORTAL COIL."—There seems no reason to think that Shakespeare is using the word in a peculiar sense. "Coil" means "bustle," "stir," "strife." "To shuffle off" may imply, as E.L.M. suggests, an irregular, ambling gait; but it ordinarily means "to rid oneself of." Paraphrased, the passage would thus read: "When we have rid ourselves of this mortal strife." This seems borne out by the context, for Hamlet is speaking of "slings and arrows," of "outrageous fortune," of "a sea of troubles," of "a thousand natural shocks," of the "whips and scorns of time"; and is contemplating suicide, but is rudely checked by the "dread of something after death." But, since to Shakespeare "all the world's a stage," E.L.M.'s view is quite tenable. "Coil" is derived from the Gaelic *goll*, which means "war."—A.L.C. (Edinburgh).

SHAKESPEARE AND MARLOWE.—The "*Jew of Malta*" is generally admitted to be "the prophetic adumbration of Shylock." The following passages, as Professor Ward shows, could scarcely have approached each other so closely by simple accident:

"Jew of Malta," I. i.: First appearance of Barabas. He enumerates his argosies.

"Merchant of Venice," I. iii.: First appearance of Shylock. He enumerates the argosies of Antonio.

"Jew of Malta," I. i.:

These are blessings promised to the Jews,  
And herein was old Abraham's happiness, &c.

"Merchant of Venice," I. iii.: Passage about Jacob, with a reference to Abraham, ending:

This was a way to thrive, and he was bless'd;  
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

"Jew of Malta," I. ii.:

You have my goods, my money, and my wealth, &c.,  
... You can request no more.  
(Unless you wish to take my life.)

"Merchant of Venice," IV. i.: Greatly improved in Shylock's speech: Nay, take my life and all, &c.

"Jew of Malta," *ibid*:

What, bring you Scripture to confirm your wrongs?

"Merchant of Venice," I. iii.:

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

"Jew of Malta," II. ii.: Barabas and Slave (against hearty feeders in general).

"Merchant of Venice," II. v.: Shylock and Launcelot Gobbo.

Then in "*The Jew of Malta*" there is the passage:

I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,  
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,  
And duck as low as any barefoot friar.

The corresponding passage in "*The Merchant of Venice*" will be familiar. These passages are given in addition to the one instanced by Mr. Greenfield.—G.S.



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## LITERATURE.

RICHARD BARNFIELD'S POEMS were edited in 1876 by Dr. Grosart for the Roxburghe Club, and in 1883 by Professor Arber. I have both editions, but can only lay my hands on the later, which forms part of the English Scholar's Library, issued at a low price by one to whom English scholarship is under deepest obligation.—*Joseph Knight*.

[Similar reply from E. Knos-Linton.]

AUTHOR FOUND.—"Our very fears belied our hopes," see Thos. Hood, "The Death-bed," Poems, 1859, p. 180.—*Joseph Knight*. [Similar replies received from E.K.L. (Hoylake); Miss Abbott; R. J. Lloyd (Liverpool); M.A.C. (Cambridge); and C.R.W.]

INGENUOUS RHYMES.—Your correspondent about odd rhymes gives the best one a trifle incomplete. It is said that Thackeray was given the rhymes of "cassowary and Timbuctoo" to test his powers, and thereupon wrote:

I would I were a cassowary,  
On the plains of Timbuctoo;  
I would eat a missionary,  
Bible, prayer-book, hymn-book too.—C.C.S.

"COQUECIGRUES."—"Coquecigrus. Animal et mets imaginaire, chose de nulle valeur. A la venue des coquecigrus, c'est à dire jamais." *Glossaire à Rabelais*.—*Joseph Knight*.

"COQUECIGRUS."—This is a French word which in French is spelt *coquecigrus* (*coquecigrus*, *cocicigrus* or *cozigrus*). "Oiseau fantastique, impossible, absurde, que l'on cite dans le discours pour désigner un objet qui n'existe pas ou que l'on ne veut pas nommer. Vous serez payé à la venue des coquecigrus" (Dict. Larousse). Used also adjectivally, meaning "foolish," "silly."—O.E.B. (Paris).

"SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART."—This is the pen-name of Dr. Maginn, born 1793, died 1842, an Irish author. He founded "Fraser's Magazine" in 1830, and was the author of "O'Doherty's Maxims."—M.A.C.

"BROOK" IN KEATS AND SCOTT.—Meaning to endure, bear, suffer, &c., the word is common enough. It appears in "The Faerie Queene," "2 King Henry VI.," "Richard III.," and "Richard III." Also in Sidney's "Arcadia," and it is not far from these meanings to restrain, keep back, control. In addition the word is used to mean "to keep back in the stomach."—*Hopeful (Derby)*.

"TUSH."—This exclamation is good vernacular old English, about equal to the modern "Shut up"; it is to be found in Tyndale and Coverdale's Bible of 1535, known as Taverner's edition, ordered by royal authority to be used for the Book of Common Prayer. The word appears to be from the Latin "taceo," so Tacitus, the historian; it is found in Danish as *tæus*, and may survive in the French *taisez-vous!* In the original, called verse 7 of Psalm x: "For he saith in his heart, Tush, I shall never be cast downe," &c.; verse 13: "For he saith in his heart, Tush, God hath forgotten," &c. The verses are not numbered, following the Septuagint enumeration adopted by St. Jerome. There is no warrant for its use in the Hebrew, Greek, or Latin originals, so it is a mere expletive.—A.H.

"MARBLE AIR."—Marble in the quotation from Book III. of "Paradise Lost" means "bright as marble" (from root *mar*, "to gleam"). Compare Gk. *μαρμαίρειν* "to gleam"; *μαρμαίρειν*, "gleaming," used of the stars or sky. In "Cymbeline," V. iv. 120, 121, Shakespeare applies "marble" and "radiant" to the heaven in the same sentence. Exploded in Book XI. it is used—Lat. *explodere*, "to drive off the stage," i.e. by clapping (*ex*, "off, away," and *plaudere*, "to clap"). So in Book X., 545, 546:

Thus was the applause they meant  
Turned to exploding hiss.

And in the "Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence": "Ceremonies and tyrannies, which God and man are now ready to explode and hiss out of the land" (Milton's Prose Works, iii. 43).—M.A.C.

## GENERAL.

OLD EPITAPH.—Answers received from Professor (Poona); and J.J.P. (Burdwan, India).

"TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES."—This air is one known along the Riviera. It is generally acknowledged to be fairly old. It is heard nearly as much as the well-known "Santa Lucia." We undoubtedly borrowed it in the same way that we have made use rather later of "Funiculi Funicula" and "A Francese." The Italians, especially the class who sing in the open, cling to their same few songs for many years. "Santa Lucia" was extant forty years ago. They do not have a new popular song or air every six months, as we do; if they did they would not become part of the roadside singer's repertoire for many years.—M.A.C. (Kenley).

DISSILAGO.—This is probably a corrupt form of "tussilago," the scientific name of coltsfoot (*T. farfara*). This plant had formerly a wonderful reputation as a curer of coughs and healer of chest complaints (*tussis*=cough). Its leaves are still used as an ingredient in the patent cigars sold for the cure of asthma and other bronchial affections, and it is not improbable that they were used for a similar purpose at the period of the quotation cited.—F. H. Harding (Dorking).

"VACHE ENRAGÉE."—Used in a literal sense, i.e. to be so hard up as to be reduced to "eating the meat of a cow which has been bitten and gone mad" (Littre).—O.E.B. (Paris).

THE HUNTING OF THE WREN.—The wren is not hunted in Ireland only, but also in England, Wales, Scotland, and France. Nor is the wren the only animal thus persecuted; the hare, squirrel, owl, and many other animals and birds are similarly treated; for a list see "Folklore," 1900, page 250. These customs are but a portion of a still larger group, particulars of which will be found in the same paper. A comparison of some of the typical forms with certain savage customs, the meaning of which is known, indicates that the original purpose of them was cathartic; their object was to expel, by means of a scapegoat ceremony or sacrifice, the evils which might otherwise afflict the community. In this connection it is important to notice that the customs in question are practised almost exclusively in the winter or spring, and that this is the season which savages generally choose for their ceremonies of expiation of evils, and in which the European peasant celebrates those customs, also to be interpreted as cathartic, which Dr. Fraser has studied at length in his "Golden Bough."—N.

\* FLINGING THE STOCKING.—When the bride and bridegroom had gone to bed the bridesmen took the bride's stockings, and the bridesmaids took the bridegroom's. Both sat down at the foot of the bed and flung the stockings over their heads, endeavouring so to direct them that they might fall on the married couple. If the man's stockings fell upon the bridegroom's head it was a sign that the maid who threw would soon be married herself, and *vice versa* in respect of the bride's stockings.—F. H. Harding (Dorking).

HUNTING THE WREN.—The custom of hunting the wren has been ascribed to a wren which, alighting on a drumhead, roused and saved from defeat some Protestant troops in the Irish Civil Wars of the seventeenth century. Others refer it to a similar incident some centuries earlier, in the wars of the Danish occupation of Ireland. Others say that the wren was an object of so great veneration to the Druids that the early Christian missionaries enjoined its persecution upon all adherents to the new faith.—F. H. Harding (Dorking).

HUNTING THE WREN.—The Irish legend is that by perching on a drum a wren awoke the sentries of a force the Irish were attacking; this is annually revenged by the peasants, who just before Christmas slaughter every wren they can find; the dead bodies are suspended from a decorated holly-bough, which is paraded from house to house on St. Stephen's day, accompanied by a song. In the Isle of Man a legend exists to the effect that a wicked enchantress, who threw her spells over the warriors of Mona, escaped their champion by changing into a wren. Every year on Christmas Day she is compelled to reappear as a wren; on that day consequently a grand onslaught is made on the wrens, as it has been prophesied the enchantress will die by human hands.—*Illiterate*.

"GREEN GRAVEL."—In her work on "Traditional Games" (2 vols., 1894-9), Mrs. Gomme gives no fewer than seventeen varying versions from different parts of the country of the singing game "Green Gravel." She considers it originally a funeral game, green gravel and green grass suggesting a churchyard. "Green" used of gravel may mean freshly disturbed, as "green grave" means "new grave." The body to be laid in the grave is that of the sweetheart of the swain addressed in the song. Washing and dressing the corpse, and putting up a memorial inscription are probably indicated in a Belfast version, which begins:

Green Gravel, Green Gravel, your grass is so green,  
The fairest young damsel that ever was seen;  
We washed her, we dried her, we rolled her in silk,  
And we wrote down her name with a glass pen and ink.

In another variant (Shropshire) we have:

I'll wash you in milk,  
And I'll clothe you in silk.

This alludes to an old custom of washing corpses in milk and swathing them in silk, on which Mrs. Gomme appositely quotes the ballad of "Burd Ellen":

Tak up, tak up, my bonny young son,  
Gar wash him w' the milk;  
Tak up, tak up, my fair lady,  
Gar row her in the silk.—W.G.H.

"HEAVEN SAVE THE MARK."—In archery when an archer shot well it was customary to exclaim "God save the mark!"—i.e. prevent anybody from hitting the same mark and displacing my arrow. It was then used ironically in speaking to an archer whose shooting was wide of the target, and so came to be an expression of derision and contempt.—*Percy Selser*.

"HEAVEN SAVE THE MARK."—When an archer shot well it was customary to shout out "God save the mark!"—i.e. prevent any one coming after to hit the same mark and displace the arrow. It came to be used as an ejaculation of derision and contempt; vide "1 Henry IV." I. iii. 55; "Othello," I. i.; "Merchant of Venice," II. ii. 25; "The Ring and the Book," II. 278. It is sometimes an ejaculation to avert an ill omen, see "Romeo and Juliet," III. ii. 53.—F. H. Harding (Dorking).

"SO LONG!" means good-bye, and is probably a seaman's corruption of "salam."—F. H. Harding (Dorking).

"GOD SAVE THE KING."—The air of the above has been traced to a French origin, time of Louis XIV. I cannot give my authority for this, but read it not long ago in a Review. If the Scandinavian melody did not precede this it may have been transported thence to England. Dr. John Bull may have adopted it, as composers often do an air that pleases them. There was a discussion as to the origin of the music of the "Marseillaise" some years ago in the *ATHENÆUM*; it was said to be of church music origin. Certain it is that though Rouget de Lisle wrote various other verses, &c., no other music has been traced to him. He was a musician, and probably adapted an air he remembered to his purpose.—H.D.B.

"BULLY COAL."—Compare another Americanism, "Bully beef"; apparently we have intensives, like the frequent use of "bloody" in England; such habit is common as with "a divine voice"; in the O.T. "Nimrod, a mighty hunter before Jehovah"; it is just as we would say "By God" to give emphasis.—A.H.

"TICKHILL! GOD HELP YOU!"—This phrase is of interest in so many ways that I think a further contribution may be acceptable to many. Christopher Thompson, an Edwinstowe man, in his "Autobiography of an Artisan," written some forty years ago, was in Tickhill as a strolling player about 1820. People thereabout were inquisitive as to where other people came from, and when Thompson visited places outside Tickhill and said where he came from he was greeted with "Tickhill! God help you!" An old woods and forest man for seventy years near Tickhill believes the saying has arisen from the fact that most of the land was held in olden times (as now to a great extent) by freeholders, whose families worked their own land as farmers and market gardeners, thus leaving no room for outside labour. Men saying they were going there to find work were greeted with an ironic "Tickhill! then God help you!"—R. W. Ratcliffe (Worksop).

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to the booksellers whose names follow:

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